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New Statesman

WRECKING THE WELFARE STATE

PLUS: CND after Kent • Naomi Mitchison's African diary • Andrew Glyn on the Marshall Plan • Books • Arts

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New Statesman

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Willing to wound — afraid to strike

BEFORE THE 1983 general election Francis Pym was bold enough to say that he thought that huge majorities were not a good thing for governments. He meant, speaking from his experience as an ex-chief whip, that with an unassailable majority in the House of Commons it is difficult to keep discipline in the ranks.

He was, of course, roundly and patronisingly put down by his Prime Minister, who said that she was aiming for the largest majority she could get. Neither can have supposed at the time that the most apparently substantial challenge to her leadership in her second term would be led by Citizen Pym himself.

The standard of revolt that Pym raised this week, in the improbable context of a lecture to the students of the Oxford University Law Society, is pretty unconvincing. A political movement, or faction, if it is to get anywhere, must have at least one of three qualities — it must have a political idea whose time has come; or the popular support of coherent class and social interests; or a cohesive and disciplined internal organisation. Conservative Centre Forward — what village-Saatchi with dauntless hope invented that unpromising slogan? — offers none of those qualities.

The Pym move is an obvious reaction to what is happening within the Tory Party. Party politics is a cynical business. So long as a party leadership — particularly in office — is bringing home the bacon, in the shape of good national and local election results and good opinion poll ratings, it can get away with virtually anything.

Now that the special political effects of the Falklands episode and the miners' strike have worn off, the impact of six years of Tory policies that have been economically ineffective and socially devisive are once again laid bare. The Tory Party is faced with the fact that for over a decade its central levers have been in the hands of a bunch of politically inexperienced ideologues. For the Tory Party in the country, the promise of smashing General Galtieri (the enemy without) and the trade unions (the enemy within) was more than enough to justify the rest of Thatcherism, provided the polls held up.

But they have not. The local authority elections this month have been the first conclusive evidence that the ground is moving under Thatcher's Tory Party. Just as in 1979 much of the traditional Labour Party's automatic support for the first time became floating, so the May 1985 local authority elections mark the point when Thatcherism could no longer count on the automatic support of the party's traditional voters in the shires.

But revolt in the modern Tory Party against a leadership that has 'gone wrong' is very difficult to organise. For the Party is not in a conventional sense a political organisation. Unlike the Labour Party, trade unions and other political organisations it has no standing mechanisms for consultation or democratic participation in the formulation of policy. Its Party Conferences do not influence — let alone make — party policy. They are platforms for the leadership. Its Parliamentary Party is just a

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sounding board for ministers or shadow cabinet members. It has no National Executive as Labour knows the function.

There is thus no real way in which the Pym revolt, or any other, can bring effective pressure to bear on Mrs Thatcher. Indeed it has always been difficult to shift a Tory Prime Minister unwillingly. Churchill had suffered a stroke and the cover up could not be continued for ever. Eden was physically ill and psychologically unstable. Macmillan was in hospital. In recent times only Douglas-Home gave in while he still might have fought off his internal opposition. Ironically, since the Tory Party in the end belatedly gave in to at least a bit of democratic form by allowing its MPs to elect its leader, it is even more difficult for it to dislodge a still determined Thatcher.

For it is no longer possible for the party's grandees to pretend to embody a new Tory consensus. Mrs Thatcher will have to be voted out of the leadership, if she wants to stay. And here, despite the way in which she herself ousted Edward Heath, she can play effectively on the Tory concept of 'loyalty'. However strong the tide of anti-Thatcherism grows within the Tory Party, it will still hypocritically censure any politician who in fact strikes her down. That is why Conservative Centre Forward has in Pym chosen an ineffective has-been as its leader and why no politician of continuing ambition has joined its ranks. (Peter Walker, for example, 'loyalty' serves on.)

Pym's rebellion is no threat to Thatcherism unless and until she loses an election. And then the person to whom the party turns will not be Pym. □

Lid being kept on JMB

AN AURA of scandal has hung over the Johnson Matthey story ever since the banking and bullion dealing group collapsed last September and was taken over by the Bank of England on 1 October. That aura has thickened this week with the announcement that there are a further £225 million of bad debts to be provided for, on top of the £20 million provided for at the time of the rescue; and that the Bank of England is having to convert the £100 million interest-paying deposit that it placed with the bank into risk capital in order to keep the operation solvent.

Suspicions have been fed by the extraordinary lack of candour about the whole affair, particularly on the part of the Bank of England. This feeling is evidently shared also by the banks and other financial institutions that the Bank of England tried to strong-arm into putting up a £150 million safety net to cover JMB's loan losses in order to preserve 'the good name of the City'. For they objected forcefully to the suggestion that they should be asked to stump up for someone else's banking blunders, or worse, and for the Bank's own regulatory incompetence. In the end they reluctantly came in for half, with the Bank itself having to find the rest.

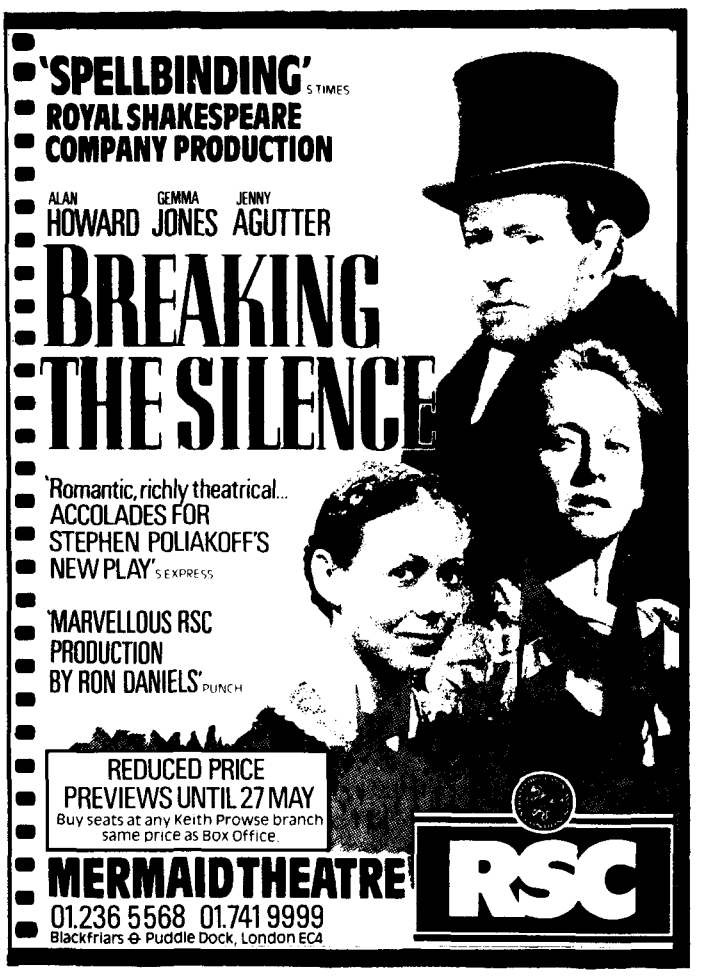
When the *New Statesman* began making enquiries about the rescue last December, the Chancellor, Nigel Lawson, rushed out a statement in the House of Commons setting up an internal enquiry into the affair. Even then he claimed that no public money was involved. He did not mention, because incredibly it seems that the Bank of England had not told the Treasury, that at the end of November the Bank had deposited £100 million with JMB so that it had money to keep it going. As late as last week the Bank was officially claiming that this £100 million was and would remain a withdrawable deposit. It would be nice to think that, when the Bank's account of these events and the committee of inquiry's report is finished this summer, darker suspicions will be laid to rest. But it can confidently be predicted that anything made public will be so bowdlerised on the twin excuses of banking confidentiality and possible legal proceedings that this will not be the case.

The Bank and the Chancellor have justified the lack of openness with which the affair is being handled on the grounds that it is the Bank's own resources and not public money that are involved in the operation and that the Bank's annual 'dividend' to the Exchequer will be maintained. In the first place, the Bank is a nationalised institution and should be publicly accountable. In the second, if the Bank can afford JMB and still maintain its dividend, then that dividend must have been too low for years. And, third, since those private banks that contribute to the indemnity scheme have been told that they can claim such payments against their corporation tax, public money *is* directly involved.

At least three important strands, though, emerge from the extreme sensitivity and secrecy with which the affair is being handled. The first is that the traditionally wary relationship between the Treasury and the Bank of England is at an all-time low. The JMB affair has put the Bank on the defensive and the Treasury has been quick to exploit its advantage.

The second is that the Bank's 'machinery' for supervising and regulating the banking system — supposedly put into shape after the secondary banking collapse of the 1970s — has again been shown up as an amateur joke. If the system could not spot something as simple as JMB, how is it even going to pretend to cope with the explosion of new markets, institutions and activities that is being positively encouraged by the authorities in the City today. The third is that Mrs Thatcher's nominee as governor of the Bank, Mr Robin Leigh-Pemberton, has been revealed as personally and professionally inadequate to the job.

Those are three good reasons why those in the know are striving desperately to keep the lid on the JMB affair. No doubt there are others as well. □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SPECIAL BRANCH QUIZ PRIVATE EYES ON MURRELL MURDER

SPECIAL BRANCH detectives investigating the murder of Mrs Hilda Murrell have been questioning private detectives about the surveillance of anti-nuclear power protestors. Three detective agencies have been approached by the Special Branch, reports DUNCAN CAMPBELL

THE NEW LINE of enquiry follows the BBC's *Crimewatch* programme two months ago. A researcher on *Crimewatch* received an anonymous telephone call from someone alleging that private detectives were involved in the murder. Following up the allegation, Detective Chief Inspector Pickens and Detective Sergeant Palmer of the West Mercia Special Branch went first to two private detectives, Denis Byrne and Gary Murray, who have been conducting a campaign to clean up the private eye profession. Both were members of a private detectives trade union, the Institute of Professional Investigators (IPI).

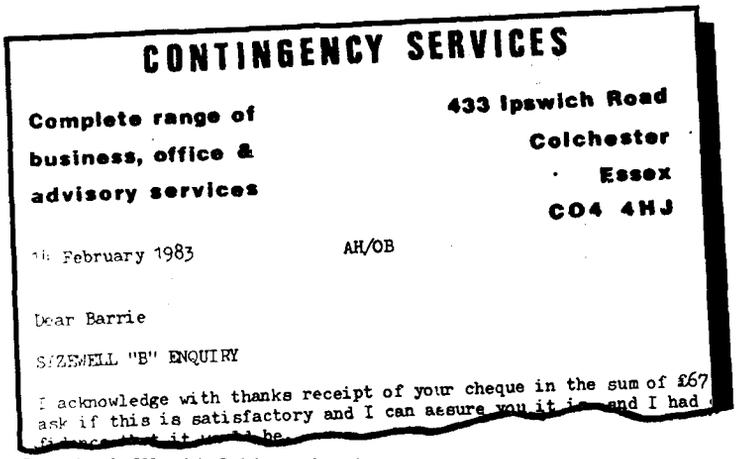
The *New Statesman* has obtained a recording of the Special Branch interview with Murray last month, and other tapes and documents concerning the activities of IPI members and their employees.

The three agencies approached by the Special Branch were Zeus Security, run by Peter Hamilton of Bury St Edmunds, Sapphire Investigations of Long Stratton near Norwich, formerly run by the late Barrie Peachman, and Contingency Services of Colchester, run by Victor Norris.

The tapes and documents show that besides making covert enquiries about the Sizewell Enquiry protestors, Norris has claimed to have set up a national network of fake CND groups, to have a team of 'imitation lefties' available to infiltrate trade unions, to have recently worked for the NCB, and to have undertaken 'Home Office' operations 'a bit too precarious or dirty' to be done directly.

Secret commission

Central to Special Branch investigations was the late Peachman, who committed suicide last year. He was at the time the principal of the IPI, whose motto is 'Honour, integrity, and learning'. According to documents discovered after his death, Peachman secretly accepted a commission on 21 January 1983 from Hamilton's company, Zeus, to investigate the Sizewell protestors. He hired Norris.



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Dear Barrie

SIZEWELL "B" ENQUIRY

I acknowledge with thanks receipt of your cheque in the sum of £67 ask if this is satisfactory and I can assure you it is and I had

Letterhead of Norris's Colchester-based agency

After an investigation lasting just six days, almost all the information reported back by Norris and Peachman to Hamilton was in fact openly available. None of the information referred to Mrs Murrell.

Vic Norris, who made the enquiry, went to Sizewell posing as a conservationist. One of his targets was Jennifer Armitage, the *New Statesman's* correspondent. But the *New Statesman* was tipped off about the secret surveillance soon after it happened and Armitage then rang Peachman. Peachman's own notes now record that he lied to her.

Norris runs his Colchester detective agency, 'Contingency Services', under the alias of 'Adrian Hampson'. Under his real name, he previously helped found two Nazi organisations, a satanist sect, and was sent to gaol for six years in 1969 for six sex offences involving procuring his own daughters.

After the original Sizewell surveillance operation, Norris's enthusiasm remained unabated. In a letter to Peachman on 14 February 1983, Norris proposed that there would be 'other (wealthy) sources who have a vested interest in seeing CND discredited'. He added:

> I have set up three dummy organisations apparently sympathetic to CND, all run by trusted friends of mine. One is in Lancashire (Accrington), one in Kirkcaldy, Scotland, and the third in Ipswich. The one in Lancashire has already made contact with numerous 'peace groups' and is accepted as a bona fide 'peace group' itself.

Since Barrie Peachman's death, his son Mark has continued to be involved in political surveillance operations. In January, he was hired by the Tory leaders of Waveney District Council, Lowestoft to spy on a Labour councillor who was making street collections for the miners.

'Imitation lefties'

In January 1985, as part of his campaign to clean up the IPI and private detective profession, Murray telephoned Norris to ask about the range of his anti trade union activities. Norris boasted that:

> We've got a couple of very good imitation lefties who are extremely convincing. They know the score, they know the patois that these people use. . .They can drop names, they have connections. We can infiltrate all right.

He added 'in confidence' that 'we've recently been doing something for the NCB'. But both the national office and the Midland district of the NCB this week said that they had 'no knowledge' of having hired detectives.

Norris also boasted that he could 'take care' of union trouble makers by unexplained methods. 'The best thing is that you didn't know', he told Murray. 'We have our own methods but the less you know about them the better, in your own interests.'

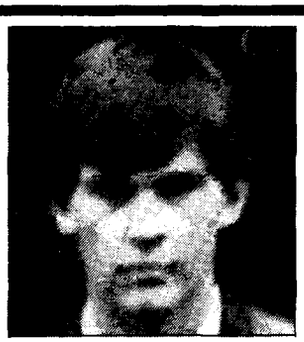
West Mercia Special Branch have now reported back to their HQ, who said this week that the detectives had found 'no connection (with the Murrell killing) and no information was obtained to assist in the investigation'. During the interview with Murray, however, they admitted that they were baffled about the murder because the person responsible was 'not somebody who is acting rationally. We have to put our hands up and say "we have scaled the length and breadth of this country and the M.O. (modus operandi) has not come out". No one has come forward and said "I know of a similar murder".' ●

Research: Patrick Forbes

New academic horizon for Harrington?

PATRICK HARRINGTON, the National Front activist whose presence at North London Polytechnic has brought chaos to the institution, is understood to be considering continuing his academic career at another British university. One of the places to which he has applied for a place as a postgraduate philosophy student is Birkbeck College, part of London University.

Birkbeck is of particular interest to Harrington because the second in command of the philosophy department is Roger Scruton, the well known right wing guru. Scruton — a former external examiner on North London Poly's philosophy course — has been particularly vocal in his criticisms of the students who have opposed Harrington's presence at the poly. In his *Times* column Scruton has referred to Harrington as 'lone and defenceless' although he has not endorsed his political views.



Patrick Harrington

Despite Harrington's less than glittering academic record and the sort of references that North London Poly might be expected to give him, he's expressed interest before in continuing his studies in philosophy. Until now though, he has spoken of going to South Africa or North America to do so. But it's by no means certain that he would be acceptable to the South Africans, who have no particular desire to give a home to the world's fascists.

With his final exams only three weeks away, Harrington has withdrawn from the outside world, only goes occasionally to the Poly and refuses to speak to the press. His solicitor Tessa Sempick tells the *NS*: 'Mr Harrington says that any application he may or may not have made to a university is between him and that university, and he will not comment or confirm or deny that he has made such an application'.

Jolyon Jenkins

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Cover blown on the UK's support to El Salvador

CONFIDENTIAL government documents show that Britain has been 'conniving' secretly to back United States policy in Central America. According to instructions issued to Britain's delegation to the World Bank in Washington, and obtained by the *New Statesman*, the government decided six months ago covertly to start supporting international loans to El Salvador.

The government is 'following a cynical policy of misleading the British public' according to Labour MP Jeremy Corbyn, one of several opposition MPs infuriated by the disclosures. Together with other similar recently-leaked documents concerning Nicaragua, the documents show that the government is covering up 'slavish obedience' to US policy, he said.

The leaked instructions, dated 25 October 1984, order British World Bank delegates to stop 'opposing or abstaining on all proposals', and instead support all 'developmentally-sound projects' in El Salvador. Civil servants found 'no need to publicise [this] change' in policy ordered by ministers, according to the documents, which were passed to the El Salvador Solidarity Campaign earlier this week. The instructions are signed by James Watt, who formerly ran the El Salvador desk at the Foreign Office.

'If challenged . . .'

Watt also set out the official 'line' to be followed if the unannounced change in policy were spotted. 'If challenged', he wrote, 'we should be ready to defend it as we defend our resumption of aid to El Salvador'. At about the same time, Britain offered military aid to El Salvador in the form of training courses for the El Salvador army at British bases in Belize.

The instructions mean that Britain is now following the American lead in backing loans for El Salvador from the World Bank and the Inter American Development Bank (IADB). The US strongly backs the present El Salvador regime, despite the continuing high level of human rights abuses and 'death squad' activities carried out by sections of the army, in contrast to its hostility to socialist Nicaragua.

The revelation of the secret policy change towards El Salvador follows the disclosure by the *Observer* last Sunday that a secret policy of *blocking* aid to Nicaragua was ordered to stay in force as recently as February this year. These leaked documents show that ministers decided to conceal why Britain was blocking the Nicaraguan loans, by hiding behind completely spurious 'technical' difficulties. Notwithstanding this, the documents revealed that British delegates to the IADB considered the techniques used by US officials inside the Bank to block the loans to be an 'open scandal'.

Duncan Campbell with Patrick Forbes

The economy — Labour's still up a gum tree

LABOUR remains electorally vulnerable because too few people think it can run the economy better than the Tories, according to an opinion poll commissioned by the GLC.

The survey was conducted last month by Market & Opinion Research International (MORI). It was carried out in London, so the figures cannot be used as an accurate reflection of *national* opinion. But if there is a general bias, it is in Labour's favour: the party is more popular in the capital than elsewhere. A nation-wide survey would almost certainly make even gloomier reading.

MORI asked its sample of 1,030 electors how they rated the government's performance on each of a number of economic issues. It then asked whether people thought a Labour government would handle the same issues better or worse than the Tories.

Forty-three per cent said the government is doing a good job 'managing the economy generally', while 53 per cent said the government is doing a poor job. However, only 32 per cent of the sample thought a Labour government would do any better. (32 per cent said Labour would do worse, while 26 per cent said Labour would do about the same.)

When the two answers are compared, an even more worrying picture emerges. *Of those who think the Tories are doing badly*, the sample is evenly divided between those who think Labour would do better (52 per cent) and those who either don't know or think, at best, Labour's performance would be about the same. That means that just 28 per cent of the full sample think that the Tories are handling the economy badly *and* think Labour would do better.

These are the equivalent figures on other issues, showing the proportions of the total sample who think the government is doing badly and Labour would do better:

- Reducing unemployment: 50%
- Encouraging management-worker co-operation: 35 per cent;
- Encouraging investment in British industry: 23 per cent;
- Encouraging new businesses to set up: 22 per cent;
- Controlling inflation: 16 per cent.

Peter Kellner

MISCELLANY

Ashton-under-Levin

Bernard Levin, The Times, *2 April: 'In the very near future, I shall deal in detail with the 'framing', and subsequent forcing out of office, of the [National Union of Journalists] general secretary, Mr Ken Ashton, an honourable man brought down by a political coup.' Doubters will, Levin predicts, 'change their mind sharply when I present the Ashton story' (also brought to you in an* NS *feature on 8 March). Six weeks pass, so we make polite enquiries. 'Yes, I am going to do it,' the Great Man replies. 'I don't quite know when. I suppose I'd better get on with it, or it'll go cold.' Rest assured, Bern: an audience is waiting here in the warmest anticipation.*

Did their level best

Didn't the Mitfords, honning and rebelling like mad, live near Burford in the Cotswolds with their dotty parent? Anyway, it must have been quite like old times for the locals of long memory last Saturday — as if the Red Hon, Jessica herself, had come to play a practical jape. A 17th century Puritan in full regalia, 'John Lillbourne', harangued an attentive audience of 300 on treason trials. Less fascinating to gaze upon, though they'll probably be thought to look very peculiar when someone no doubt re-enacts their parts three centuries from now, were David Blunkett in 20th century clothing and Joan Maynard (likewise), haranguing the hayseeds respectively on rate-capping and the aftermath of the miners strike. Everyone then solemnly paraded through Burford, which has more antique shops than you can shake a stick at and looks, indeed, like a set-designer's 'village' — preceded by two teams of Morris dancers. And then a vicar bearing a distinct resemblance to Rowan Atkinson said prayers. It could only be England. And yet it was a perfectly serious commemoration of Cromwell's crushing of the radical wing of the New Model Army, when he imprisoned 340 Levellers in Burford church. Organisers: the industrial branch of Oxfordshire WEA. It was hardly their fault that the worst martyrdom credible in the Cotswolds these days would be lukewarm cream tea.

I'll read that again

There's something surrealist about this: the revolutionary government of Zanzibar and the PLO are to open a duty-free shop and two supermarkets. In Zanibar. Furthermore, they're to be opened during the holy month of Ramadan.

Pret-a-porter beano

Westminster council increasingly resembles a sleazy Soho night-club with Conservative leader Lady Shirley (*Tesco*) Porter seeking to hide a bad show with lights at the entrance. So while other services are being cut, Westminster's spending on press and PR has quintupled to £500,000. The latest wheeze is a celebration of Westminster's so-called Quatrocentenary. Though naturally anxious not spoil any of Shirl's fun local Labour activists point out that Westminster didn't actually receive its charter as a city till 1900, when it also had its first mayor. The forthcoming beano merely commemorates a grant of arms in 1685. Between then and 1900 Westminster's main claim to fame (see Mayhew) was its thieves kitchens.

Horse laugh

Leconfield House in London's Curzon St (MI5's HQ up to the late 70's) has again came on the property market. How apt that White Horse Distillers should be revealed as the building's latest occupants in the week that Michael Bettaney's whisky consumption became the stuff of legend. If all spooks are matching his bottle a day of the hard stuff, then one can understand why White Horse are keen to move on to more suitable accommodation (flushed no doubt with success); and indeed why they chose the building in Curzon St in the first place.

Divine retribution

Whoever s(he) is, God put in some nifty footwork at this Tuesday's ceremony in Battersea park when Japanese Buddhists presented their magnificent Peace Pagoda to the people of London. (Peace? If it had phones, they'd be tapped). The pagoda comes complete with broody golden Buddhas, ancient relics, many-coloured petals in the lotus position, sandalwood incense. . .the lot. The GLC's measly (rate-pruned?) return gesture to the Buddhists was the gift of two, just two, miserable rose bushes. So no sooner had the generous-hearted Buddhists finished intoning the Lotus Sutra and the representatives of all the faiths processed round the pagoda. . .no sooner had the religious festival ended, and the official speechifying by the GLCers begun. . . than the heavens opened.

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Newham 7

KEY RACE CASE EVOKES VAST POLICE PRESENCE

AMRIT WILSON was at last Saturday's Plashet Park, London, demostration (11 May) and this Monday's picket outside the Old Bailey arising out of the 'Newham 7' case — the trial of seven Asian youths charged with affray after incidents in the London borough of Newham on 7 April, 1984. She tells what she saw: a frightening display of police intimidation on successive days

SATURDAY's demonstration, called by the Newham 7 Defence Campaign and Justice for the Pryces (see *NS* 3 May), started off, it is estimated, with as many police as the 2000 or so demonstrators. As the march progressed and was joined by more and more local Asian and Afro-Caribbean youth, police numbers also increased.

After prior meetings with authority the organisers had agreed to by-pass Forest Gate police station outside which, two Saturdays before, 34 people were arrested and many more injured in the course of the widely publicised earler demarcation. The stewarding of this Saturday's march was extremely disciplined and thorough. Despite this police maintained the heaviest of presences, with helicopters, plainclothes police apparently in the march, video cameras and uniformed officers standing shoulder to shoulder along long stretches of the demonstration.

Policemen and women were seen continually pushing people into the middle of the road. Even so, although the atmosphere was palpably tense, especially when the march passed the Duke of Edinburgh pub, there was no major incident until about two thirds of the demonstrators had entered Plashet Park where the march was due to end.

Marchers pinned in

Then with the lorry which had led the demonstration already slowing down the entry of marchers into the park, the police lining Plashet Grove (the road adjacent to the park along which the demonstration was moving) decided to close in reducing the width and pace of the march even further. Demonstrators entering Plashet Grove saw mounted police appearing at the far end of the street. Tension reached breaking point.

Sporadic fighting broke out and arrests were made in Plashet Grove where police by far outnumbered the demonstrators. At this point, as one demonstrator commented later, the police 'should have had the courage or wit to withdraw' but they didn't. Instead they started pushing the demonstrators back along Plashet Grove.

Panic then broke out because the demonstrators found the other end of Plashet Grove blocked by police vehicles. At the same time people already in the park rushed up to the metal railings separating the park from Plashet Grove and missiles, mainly bits of wood from the placards and one or two bricks, were thrown at the police across the railings.

A small clutch of policemen huddled behind riot shields, and then more and more in full riot gear, appeared and chased the demonstrators in Plashet Grove into the park — where kids were still playing on swings — and fanned out into a line behind their riot shields. They advanced upon people, pushing them towards an exit of the park past the swings where mounted police were waiting. In the later words of the police themselves, 'Mounted police were used to move people on in the surrounding [residential] streets'.

Contrary to Scarman

Police action both in Plashet Grove and in the park was in direct contradiction to recommendations for crowd control by Lord Scarman (in connection with Red Lion Square) and others — that a crowd should never be forcibly dispersed without giving people an obvious means of escape.

But the tactics used were apparently deliberate. There were 15 arrests, 2 of them juveniles.

Move on now to this Monday, 13 May, when the Newham 7 trial had originally been due to start. A picket organised by the Defence Campaign outside the Old Bailey again elicited extremely heavy policing. The 150 or so pickets were kept on the pavement outside the court and threatened with arrest if they stepped into the road. Police officers stood ready to link arms in the curb in front of them hardly six inches from the first row of pickets and a van load of police waited round the corner.

Amjad Khan, 14 year old brother of one of the defendants, Pervez Khan, was arrested and taken to Snowhill police station. He was held for more than five hours. He hasn't yet been charged, but it's possible that he will be, under the Fire Arms Act, for the possession of a toy pistol.

An even younger brother of Pervez Khan was punched by a policeman. Later I saw the same policeman taunting an Asian youth and challenging him to step off the pavement. Token pickets will continue every day of the trial which is expected to last about four weeks. But another mass picket has been called next Monday at 10.00 outside the Old Bailey. ●

Andrew Pothecary

SOUTHALL on Saturday 11 May. The feeling of *deja vu* about every extra picture like this (no disrespect to our photographer or to Saturday's marchers) emphasises as almost nothing else can the cyclical pattern of uproar apparently induced by police 'pincering' of marchers, as in Whitehall on 24 February (*NS* 15 March).

Chris Madden

'No go' orders on blacks

MAGISTRATES are using miners-style bail restrictions to prohibit movement by blacks. Gerald Price, 19 year old black youth arrested for affray following a disturbance that resulted in the death of his brother, was bailed in January on condition that he returns to Newham (where till his arrest he lived with his family) only when working or to see his solicitor. B.M. Birnberg & Co solicitor Gareth Peirce says 'It has become common for magistrates to ban people from All Saints Rd [in London's Notting Hill Gate] — but a new development is to exclude people from the whole of the W11 area. Magistrates were only intended to use these powers as a last resort. But they've become standard practice'. An application to relieve Price's bail conditions is to be made next week at Newham magistrates' court.

Arlen Harris

Breakthrough in Blair Peach court action

THE FAMILY of Blair Peach, killed in the course of an Anti-Nazi League demonstration against the National Front in Southall in 1979, has won the right after FIVE YEARS to get access to the notorious Cass Report. Leaked to the *Sunday Times* in 1980 this 30,000 word investigation by Commander Cass was never officially released on the grounds that 'it wouldn't be in the public interest'.

Apparently it named six SPG (Special Patrol Group) officers as possible suspects in Peach's death, and later narrowed that shortlist to three. No officer was ever charged in connection with the Peach killing.

Now judge Neil Lawson, at a hearing in chambers in the High Court, has given a deferred decision (14 May) that non-disclosure of the Cass Report is frustrating the course of justice. Police retain the right to ask the Court of Appeal to over-turn this ruling — but it's the first time they've been placed on the defensive in the court actions.

At this latest hearing police lawyers argued that the 'public interest' remains against disclosure because 'it was an enquiry into individual complaints under the Police Act'. Judge Lawson, resisting this argument, pointed out that the Cass investigation was prompted by police involvement in a fatality.

Jane Dibblin

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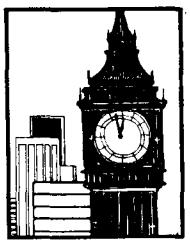

PETER KELLNER

Pym's centre forwards: no theory and no goals

THERE ARE two kinds of Conservative: those who think the best way to silence the majority of people is to sing them a lullaby and send them to sleep; and those who yell at them to shut up. The essential difference between Francis Pym and Margaret Thatcher is that he belongs to the first group, while she belongs to the second.

I prefer Mrs Thatcher's style: not her stridency but her clarity of purpose. What she says is clear, direct, uncomplicated — and wrong. Her political credo is something you can (and should) get your teeth into. Chewing over Mr Pym's politics is like masticating a meringue: sweet and crisp on first taste, but you quickly find it has no substance; and it leaves a slightly sickly after-taste.

Last summer Pym published his political manifesto[1]. It skipped lightly over a variety of topics, usually concluding with appeals to compassion, moderation and reason. 'To explain the limitations of "monetarism" ', he says, 'one must consider both the theory and the practice. The theory is not entirely false, but neither is it universally true.'

Big deal. And his deal for reviving the economy is no bigger. In Oxford on Tuesday he ruled out significantly reflationary policies: 'We are suggesting no such things'. Instead: 'We believe there is a need for a less deflationary fiscal policy'. As Mrs Thatcher has frequently observed, the point about the wets is that they are just that: wet.

So far, the most striking failure of the wets has been their refusal to acknowledge that there is more to reviving the economy than a large dose of compassion and a small dollop of capital spending. By leaving the high ground of Thatcherite economics unmarked, they permit Mrs Thatcher and Nigel Lawson to defend their policies as the only way to create 'real' jobs and long-term prosperity. To every wet demand for more reflation — sorry, less deflation — in order to mitigate the impact of high unemployment, the Prime Minister replies: where will the money come from? To each request for a less rigid application of the medium-term financial strategy, the Chancellor responds with dire warnings of renewed inflation.

The bind the wets find themselves in is this. Some of them — like Sir Ian Gilmour — know that almost everything about the government's economic strategy is nonsense. But to say so under some such banner as 'Conservative Centre Forward' is to extinguish their prospects of gaining more than a handful of recruits within the party to their group.

On the other hand, in order to widen their appeal they must adopt a position that lacks any intellectual credibility. They dare not say Mrs Thatcher's strategy is wrong — merely that it should be applied more humanely and presented more compassionately. Such an approach ducks all the difficult questions about the validity of monetarism and the consequences of higher public sector borrowing. It leads inexorably to such feeble comments as monetarist theory being 'not entirely false but neither is it universally true'.

ONE RETORT from the wets to this line of reasoning is that their mission is not to substitute one economic theory for another, but to escape the clutches of economic theory as such. The Conservative Party, so the argument runs, has survived and prospered for so long by being pragmatic and eschewing theory of all kinds. Mrs Thatcher is violating this tradition; Mr Pym's group seeks to restore it.

Many on the Left will recognise that argument but find it laughable: surely the Tories' great electoral trick, time and again, has been to *pretend* not to follow any theory, and to appeal to voters as the common sense party — while *in fact* furthering the class interests of its keenest supporters?

Maybe so; and certainly the Heath government was just as hostile to trade unions as the present Thatcher government. Nevertheless it is rare for leading Tories to build their policies on explicit theoretical premises; and rarer still to do so in government. To some extent, then, Conservative Centre Forward does stand for a return to a more orthodox Tory political style.

Unfortunately, it is easier promised than achieved these days. In 1965, when Sir Alec Douglas-Home was eased out of his position as leader of the Conservative Party, everything was style and image: Sir Alec looked old and represented the past; Mr Heath had a more sixties look about him. (He still does.) No great principles of Conservative politics were involved.

Today they are. Mrs Thatcher has a theory; her detractors dislike theories, and want to get away from them. However, they have a problem. Refuting a theory is itself a theoretical process, even if no alternative theory is placed on offer. To say, like Mr Pym, that some bits of monetarism are true and other bits are not, does not solve the problem. It simply leads to the next question: which bits, and why? The very act of substituting pragmatism for theory means engaging in theoretical debate.

Yet this is precisely the point most wets avoid, with the result that Mrs Thatcher rightly treats them with contempt. She repeats her articles of faith — about the links between money supply and inflation, and between inflation and growth, and about the dangers of increased government borrowing — safe in the knowledge that whatever else Conservative Centre Forward does, its members will not retort that the Prime Minister is talking complete drivel.

If they did, things would be very different. An intellectually rigorous group of wets could do worse than study the first edition of the *Oxford Review of Economic Policy*, which has just been published[2]. Its editor, Christopher Allsopp (an adviser to the Bank of England from 1980 to 1983), pulls no punches in his analysis of Mr Lawson's medium-term financial strategy:

> The MTFS is a poor basis for policy. It is badly designed to cope with the realities of the economy. Its theoretical basis is seriously incomplete and muddled. The underlying empirical assumptions are untested and implausible. Not surprisingly, the MTFS has led to serious errors...

As well as making some familiar points about the deflationary impact of government policy, Allsopp draws on work by the econometrician David Hendry, also reported in the review, showing that policies designed to control the money supply do not even have a noticeable effect on inflation. There *is* a causal relationship between the money supply and inflation, but it works the other way round — the more slowly prices rise, the more slowly money supply rises.

In other words, Allsopp disputes the one claim that ministers most confidently make for their policies — and which even Mr Pym concedes. ('I largely agree with the tenet: control of the money supply does contribute to low inflation.') Allsopp also argues that a fixed target for public sector borrowing tends to destabilise the economy. For during a recession, when government income contracts and expenditure increases, a fixed target means that the government must increase taxes, and so make the recession worse.

Conversely, when the economy is expanding, and tax receipts are buoyant, a fixed target means that tax rates will be cut — with the result that economic activity is stimulated at precisely the wrong moment.

If the wets started to articulate these arguments, they would quickly have to acknowledge that Mrs Thatcher's strategy has been fundamentally mistaken since 1979, and that the MTFS must be repudiated before more appropriate 'wet' policies can be tried. They will, of course, say no such thing — at least, not until they depose Mrs Thatcher, after she loses the next election. But by then hardly anyone will be prepared to *defend* monetarism. Such is the way with the Tory party. It would be funny if it wasn't so serious. □

1. *The Politics of Consent*, published by Hamish Hamilton; £8.95.
2. Published by OUP; annual subscription £45.

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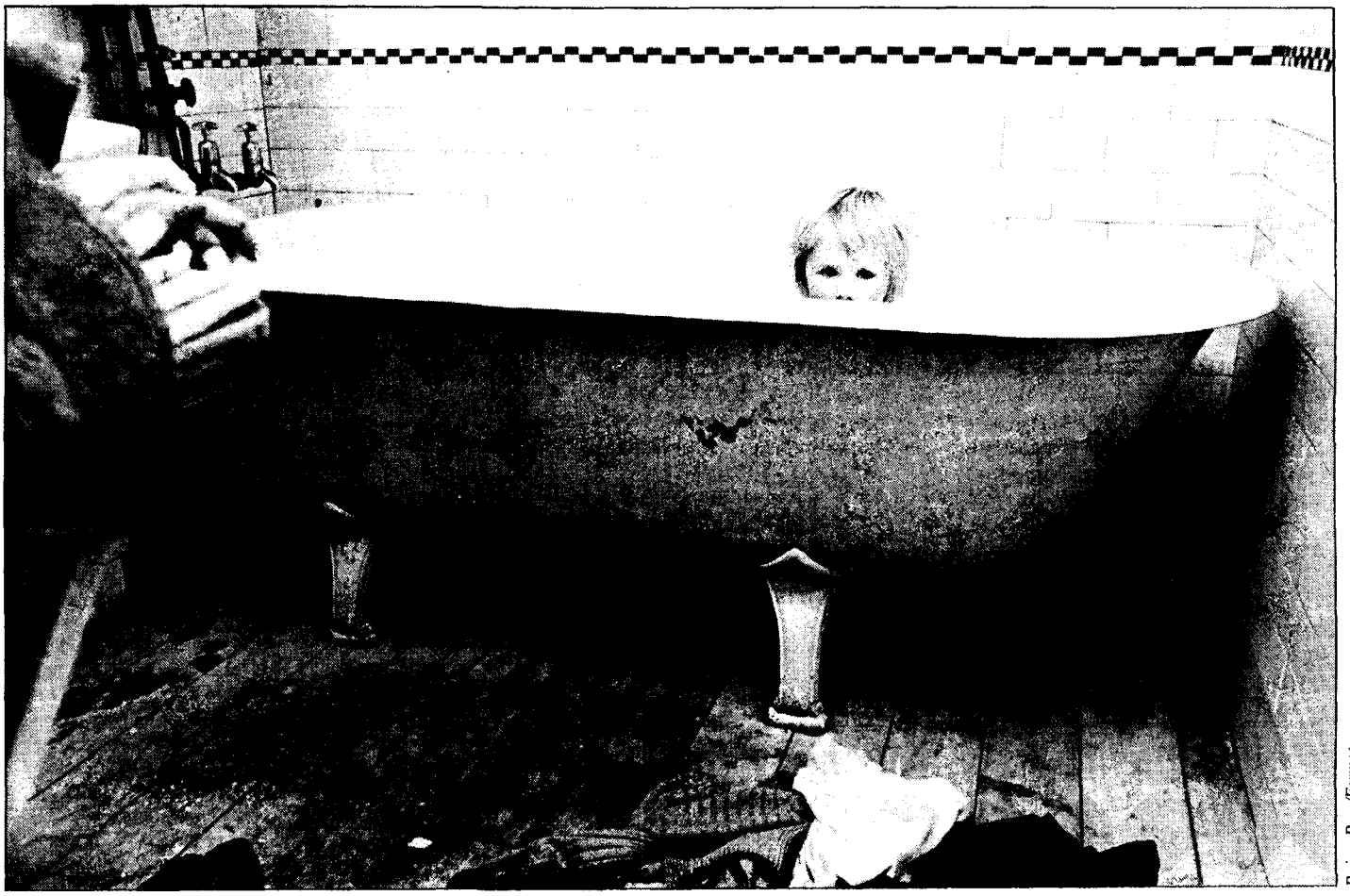

Raissa Page/Format

BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS

The Welfare State, according to Thatcher, makes us scoungers and milk-sops; 'reforming' it is the social foundation of her economics. Briefed by the reviews of four teams of improbable 'experts' Norman Fowler MP was expected to publish his proposals last December, then January, then March, then May. While we wait, Hilary Land makes the links between social security, equal citizenship and the tax system that Fowler is expected to ignore

'IF WE SPEAK of democracy, we do not mean democracy which maintains the right to vote, but forgets the right to live and work', wrote Tawney in the final edition of his famous book *Equality*. He was quoting with approval from an editorial in *The Times* published in 1940.

Such sentiments are unlikely to be found in the columns of *The Times* today, for the belief that citizenship concerns social and economic rights as well as political ones is hardly fashionable. Indeed, this government's indifference to the plight of the unemployed and the massive attacks being made on the welfare state show that this broader concept of citizenship needs to be put on the political agenda again, fought for and developed.

Unlike Beveridge, who at least aimed to produce a plan for social security which was 'for all citizens without distinction of rich and poor', the plans based on the Fowler reviews will move even further from benefits paid as of right to all who contribute. They will create a special category of the very poor — beneficiaries without rights of a philanthropic state, which will be sustained by resentful tax-payers who have no stake in improving and extending the welfare state. This new 'well-targeted' system will subject the poor to even more and harsher means tests. Moreover, they will be made to feel they have not contributed towards their benefits and hence are not full citizens.

Of course, the post-war concept of social citizenship had limitations. For example, unlike the right to health care, rights to income maintenance from the State were largely derived from having a job. Women, at least married women, were second-class citizens because they only acquired rights indirectly as dependants of their husbands. While the post-war commitment to full employment really meant employment for men, at least there seemed to be a greater understanding that no social security system can operate in isolation from the realities of the labour market if 'freedom from want' is to be achieved for *all* citizens.

In the event, a growing service sector and particularly the expansion of the social services themselves created numerous jobs especially for women, including many from the New Commonwealth. (Even Enoch Powell when Minister of Health in the late fifties recruited nurses from the West Indies.) By 1981 there were over 5 million jobs in the public sector concerned with the health, education and welfare services, two million more than in 1961. Three fifths of these jobs were done by women

'What's a New Beveridge?' — a child in temporary council housing

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and while many of them were low paid and an increasing number of them part-time, the earnings derived from them were very important to the economic welfare of those women and their children. Increased unionisation among public sector workers, particularly in the seventies, also began to improve their pay and conditions.

THESE TRENDS are now in reverse. In the war now being waged against public expenditure on the social services we are witnessing a massive retreat from State responsibility to provide even a decent safety net for the poor, let alone any kind of basic minimum for all. The social services and the workers in them are regarded as either completely expendable, or in the name of cost-effectiveness they must accept pay cuts and a deterioration in their working conditions as well as in the services or benefits they offer. The stress on individualism and welfare provided by 'the market' or by the family has scant regard for the rights and needs of all citizens. It is also based on an unrealistic picture of the labour market and the wages system.

'I am not saying, of course, that the State has no welfare functions. This would be wholly against the tradition of my party. We have always believed there must be a level of well-being below which a citizen must not be allowed to fall.'

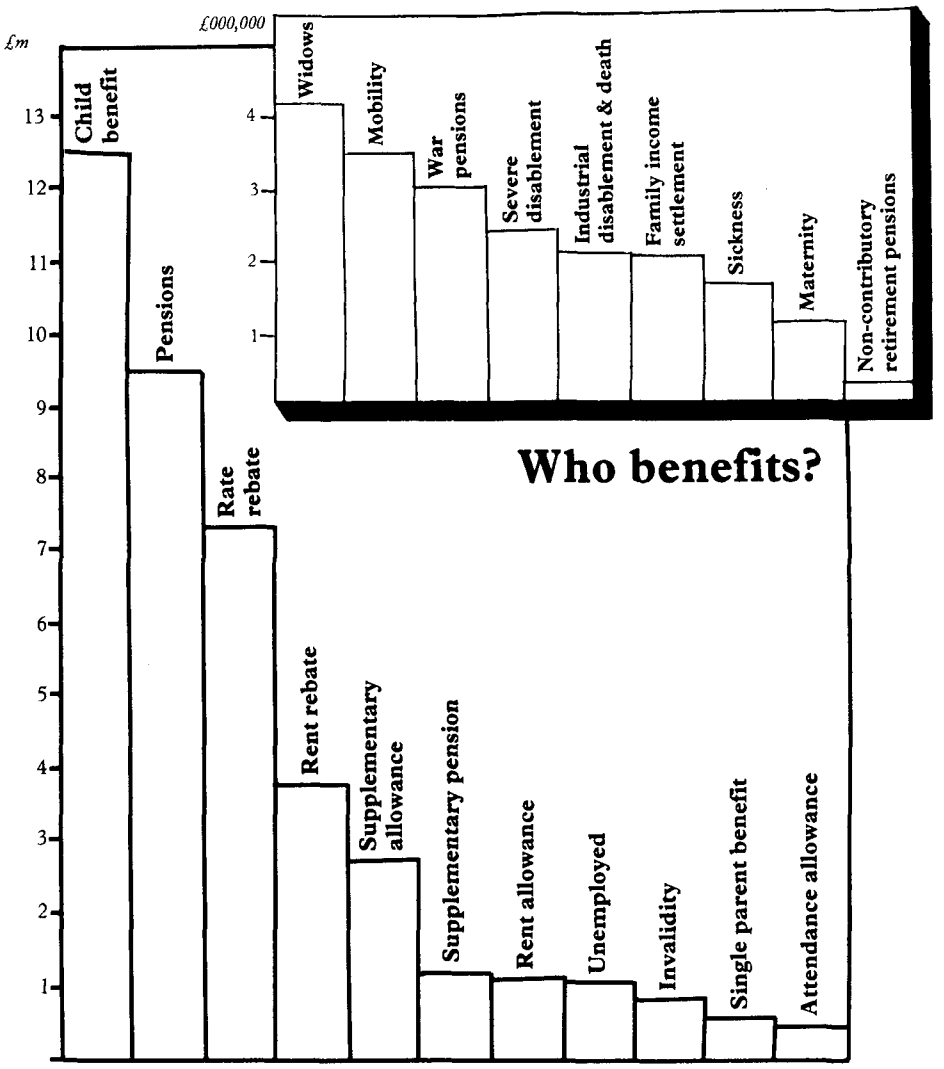
Mrs Thatcher, July 1978

For example, one issue which any serious review of our social security system would take up is the changing structure of the labour market and in particular the growth in part-time employment. Beveridge assumed those in paid employment worked full-time, a reasonable assumption at the time. In 1951, only 5 per cent of paid workers had part-time employment, compared with 21 per cent today. Seven out of eight of these 4¼ million workers are married women and most (87 per cent) are found in the service sector.

This means that by 1981 two fifths of all female employees had part-time jobs compared with a third in 1971 and an eighth in 1951. Increasingly, such part-time workers are losing their social insurance rights ironically *because* of their low pay; the national insurance contributions on which the entitlement to many benefits are based are only payable by those earning £35.50 or more a week. In 1977, one fifth of all part-time female workers earned below the then limit. By April 1984 this had increased to over three fifths or 2¾ million workers. At *best*, those with 'home responsibilities' will be able to claim a basic State pension.

'We pledge to maintain the value of retirement pensions in terms of what they will buy in the shops.'

Mrs Thatcher, April 1979



The Welfare Review Panels

Pensions

Chair: *Norman Fowler* MP, DHSS Secretary
Peter Morrison MP (Con). Investment manager for Slater Walker 1968-70. Attacked 'wingeing and whining of critics of the Youth Training Scheme' in October 1983.
Stewart Lyon. General manager of finance of Legal and General Insurance, which is broadly in favour of portable pensions.
Marshall Field. General manager of Phoenix Assurance which favours portable pensions. Immediate past chairman of Occupation Pension Scheme joint working group.
Prof Alan Peacock. Formerly Vice Chancellor of the private Buckingham University. Monetarist economist in charge of the review of the BBC.
Edward Johnstone. Government actuary.
Barney Hayhoe MP (Con). 'Mainstream Scottish accountant-politico; spasmodic believer in "coalition of moderates".' (Andrew Roth)

Housing Benefits

(Only review to take evidence in closed session. Terms of reference changed to include where cuts should fall.)
Chair: *Jeremy Rowe*. Deputy chairman of Abbey National building society. Chairman of Peterborough Development Corporation. Dominated the evidence.
Alan Blakemore. Formerly chief executive of London borough of Croydon. Said during Shelter's evidence that the group couldn't know anything as they only had two dozen centres round the country.
Rhea Martin. Lecturer in law at Hatfield Polytechnic, vice chair national Citizens' Advice Bureau.

Children and Young Persons

Chair: *Norman Fowler MP*
Barbara Shenfield. Chairwoman of Women's Royal Voluntary Service. Connections with far Right think-tank, Adam Smith Institute.
Parry Rogers. Director of personnel for Plessey, Europe. Member of right-wing Institute of Directors and the Economic League (compiles lists of union activists to be debarred from work, especially in the construction industry).

Supplementary Benefits

Chair: *Tony Newton*, Minister of State for Social Security and for the Disabled. Responsible for cock-up over State payments to private homes for elderly.
Robin Wendt. Executive director of Cheshire county council and member of Social Security Advisory Committee.
Basil Collins. Chairman of Nabisco Brands Ltd and member of right-wing Institute of Directors.

Personal portable pensions sub-group. Set up late 1983. Composed of Fowler (chair), Hayhoe, Field, Peacock, (see above) and *Mark Weinberg*, Director of Hambro Life, which strongly favours portable pensions. Immensely rich, especially after sundering his association with Charterhouse Rothschild last year.

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NIGEL LAWSON at least recognised in his budget that making national insurance payable at a lower wage levels traps the low paid. But nowhere in the remits of the Fowler reviews has there been scope for a proper discussion of the social security needs of part-time employees. The recent draft EEC directive which proposes giving part-time employees equivalent State and occupational benefits would, if ratified and implemented, affect the UK more than any other country — two fifths of *all* part-time employees in the EEC are to be found here. Nevertheless, the British government attaches so much importance to employer's costs and so little importance to women's needs that it is actively opposing this draft directive.

Any switch to occupational or 'private' rather than State benefits assumes that the labour market is made up of people in full-time and permanent work. Yet the Department of Employment's study of women and their employment published last year showed the extent to which women's employment patterns were shaped by their commitments to care for their husbands, children, the sick, the elderly. Their different employment patterns have a serious and *permanent* impact on their earning capacity. Joshi's further analysis of the data shows that 'family formation has a lasting effect for . . . it depresses women's life-time earnings on average by between 25-30 per cent'. A woman's caring activities impair her ability to be self-sufficient not only while she is actually engaged in those activities *but for the rest of her life.*

As Titmuss wrote over 20 years ago: 'The problem of social policies for old age today and tomorrow is mainly a problem of elderly women — a fact that is generally overlooked by those who consider that private occupational pension schemes for men will answer all the questions of income maintenance in old age'. The recent measures for protecting the occupational pensions of mobile workers hardly touches this problem.

There is little evidence that the Fowler reviews in their naive faith in occupational pensions were even aware of it, far less that they considered perhaps the State income maintenance system should include some measure of compensation for a woman's impaired earning capacity. After all, looking after children, the sick and the old is socially useful and necessary work.

The Treasury's concern about proposals to abolish the State Earnings Related Pension did not arise from any recognition of these issues either. They were worried about the loss of revenue if more employees joined occupational schemes, thereby enjoying tax relief on their contributions. The fact that this battle erupted only when the Fowler reviews reached Cabinet shows what nonsense it is to review social security in isolation from the income tax system. It also reminds us that the so-called private sector is heavily subsidised by the State: national insurance contributions have long since ceased to attract tax relief. (The foregone revenue is not insignificant. In 1983-84 tax relief on pension contributions and the investment income of pension funds cost £1,400 million.)

THERE IS A final absurdity. At a time when the government is telling the unemployed that there would be more jobs if they accepted lower wages the cost of dependency is being shifted more firmly from State support on to the wages system. Parents, with increasing disregard for their income, must support children and young people whose own slender rights to any income from the State as its future citizens are being further whittled away. Over 50 years ago

'I promise you this — I won't make empty promises.'

Mrs Thatcher, April 1979

Eleanor Rathbone very eloquently spelt out the inadequacies of the wages system as a means of meeting the needs of women and children, and her analysis (which convinced Beveridge) still stands.

So, too, does the case she made out for family allowances or child benefits sufficient to meet the basic needs of a child. Dependence on a single wage, especially if it's a woman's spells poverty for many families, a poverty which only an adequate scheme of child benefit together with improvements in women's capacity and opportunity to earn is likely to lessen. Yet it is widely believed that child benefit will at best be allowed to decline in value or at worst may be means-tested on the grounds that most mothers do not need them.

Yet because child benefit is given of right, take-up is no problem and it is easy to administer. Means-testing not only makes it more complex and costly to administer; it enforces the division of British society between the poor who get hand-outs and the better-off who see the Welfare State as nothing but a costly burden. Rather than means-testing there is a case for taxing universal child benefit, but only in the context of a more progressive tax system and a change to taxing the individual not the couple. This is another reason why tax, the source of discreet hand-outs to the rich, should have been taken together.

Over 25 years ago in his brilliant essay, *The Social Divisions of Welfare,* Titmuss wrote about the three systems of welfare operating in Britain: social, fiscal and occupational. He pointed out the dangers of considering them as separate entities. While recognising that each in their distinct ways had attempted to meet needs arising from economic and social change he wrote 'as at present organised they are simultaneously enlarging and consolidating the area of social inequality'. Social inequalities today are far greater and as our system of social welfare fast becomes a residual system, this trend will accelerate. As a result the meaning and value of citizenship in all its dimensions is being rapidly eroded. Restoring and enhancing the concept of social citizenship is a task confronting all those concerned about the growing inequalities in our society. □

Hilary Land is Reader in Social Administration at the University of Bristol

WELFARE STATE 2

'I WARN YOU NOT TO BE YOUNG I WARN YOU NOT TO GET OLD'

Last month, Gordon Brown first revealed in the *New Statesman* the outline proposals of the Fowler Reviews. Here he gives the details on how the Cabinet plans to pare away the entitlements of the elderly, the unemployed, the young, widows, mothers and those on low pay, confirming Neil Kinnock's famous 1983 speech, 'I warn you if Margaret Thatcher is re-elected as Prime Minister on Thursday . . .'

THE SOCIAL SECURITY Reviews are to be published on 3 June after long delays for Cabinet in-fighting. What was at issue was not whether to reduce spending on the welfare state, but how much of a reduction the nation will tolerate.

In the Green Paper we are now waiting for, there will be four main themes — simplification of the system, 'targeting' the needy, 'work incentives' and a new partnership between the State and the individual. In plain language that comes down to substantial cuts, more means testing, penalising the unemployed, the exacerbation of mass poverty and the privatisation of long-established elements of the welfare state.

Last Thursday, the Cabinet decided to cut £500m from the housing benefit budget, around £200m from both the child benefit and supplementary benefits budgets, with £200m to be saved by forcing the poor to pay rates and, over the next few years, around £2bn will be saved by abolishing state earnings related pensions (SERPS).

The basic Fowler reforms were disclosed in the *New Statesman* on 19 April. The long-term rate of *supplementary benefit* will be abolished to be replaced by a basic 'income support' rate and 'client group' additions for pensioners, the sick and disabled, single parents and the unemployed. *Weekly additions* — paid to 2½ million people — for heating, clothing and

'Nor are there any plans to change the earnings-related element of the state pension.'

Mrs Thatcher, May 1983

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dietary help, and single payments — averaging 1.3m a year — for cookers, beds, clothes and furniture will be ended. The lifebelt of a grant will be replaced by the weight of a loan. In effect, the benefit safety net will go. In its place local DHSS office managers will have fixed yearly budgets of offer discretionary, and repayable, loans under a 'Social Aid' Fund.

The biggest cuts are in the *housing benefit* budget. Seven million people who depend on housing benefit, 4 million of them pensioners, will lose money and 1.8 million, mainly pensioners and owner occupiers, will lose all benefit help with their rent and rates. In the new housing benefit system, a steep single taper will force thousands more on to the poverty line.

The most impoverishing of the changes is the proposal that every household pays for local government services. Under the Fowler proposals, supplementary benefit claimants will pay 20 per cent of the *rates bill*, and their full *water rates*. From their benefit giros — now £28 for an unemployed claimant and £35 for a pensioner — 3.5 million households, who are now too poor to pay local taxes, will be forced to pay an average of between £1 and £3 a week for rates and between 75p and £1.50 for water services.

'My aim in setting up an inquiry (on pensions) is not to call into question the fundamental pensions structure that was established in the 1970s with all-party agreement and to which I was a party.'

Mr Fowler, November 1984

There will be major changes, too, in family support. *Family Income Supplement*, paid to 200,000 mothers, will be abolished, and replaced by a tax credit system paid mainly to men and administered by employers. *Part-time workers* (over 24 hours a week) will be drawn into the new scheme, but full benefit will only be paid to those earning below about £40 per week. Many low wage families will lose £10 a week. 'Family Credit' represents a substantial step towards a two tier system of child support.

The result is that 7 million mothers and 12 million children will lose out once their *child benefit* is frozen. Government answers suggest there may be little or no updating of benefit in June — to save £196m in a full year. And with the privatisation of SERPS, 11 million will lose their entitlement to adequate *pensions* when they retire. Another 11 million employees with private occupational pensions will no longer have inflation proofing of their pensions on retirement.

Although there will be a vague promise of 'transitional protection' for benefit claimants, those who will suffer most directly and most immediately are the unemployed and the lowest income families:

300,000 unemployed claimants will lose *unemployment benefit* after six months out of work.

140,000 families of unemployed adults and possibly 95,000 single parents and pensioners could lose up to £100m in all, once help with *mortgage repayments* for the first six months of benefit claim is withdrawn. Unemployed persons stand to be evicted from homes if they cannot renegotiate their mortgages with building societies.

600,000 families who claim a *death grant* in the course of a year will lose it, for the sake of an insignificant saving of £18m. Only a loan will be offered to offset funeral costs.

Widow's allowance is likely to be replaced by a one-off benefit; many widows who have no children will lose substantially.

Maternity grant will be abolished, except for those on supplementary benefit. But 100,000 mothers will lose even more heavily as maternity pay and maternity allowance are replaced by a new Statutory Maternity Pay scheme which will be administered by employers, on the same lines as Statutory Sick Pay. Women who have no recent job record will lose most.

But perhaps the most controversial change is the proposal to introduce a lower rate of *benefit for the young*, around one million men and women under the age of 26. The present householder benefit rate — which is worth around £6 a week — will be abolished for all unemployed persons. In its place there will be a benefit payable according to age. Benefits for most aged 18-25 will fall by about £5 a week, and out of their giros they will now have to pay rates, and will receive no assistance with heating or basic furniture.

The review findings are underwritten by the anti-welfare ideology of the New Right. But Britain now spends less on social security than most of our economic competitors. What growth there has been is not a result of increased generosity, but increased uptake due to high unemployment. But Cabinet members have never let the facts interfere with their convictions.

For the fashionable Right, the unemployed — especially the young — constitute a new 'undeserving poor'. Despite government mythology, all the evidence is that workers are chasing jobs — and not the other way around. The unemployment trap, created by 'over-generous' benefits, is another piece of monetarist ideology. Norman Fowler conceded, just before the last election, that he was 'unconvinced' of any evidence that the benefits were 'dissuading people from taking on jobs they would otherwise have taken'. Reducing benefits for the unemployed was, he said, 'a pretty unacceptable price to pay'.

Government proposals to reduce the welfare state to a minimum protection for the deranged and the destitute will arouse many who never thought of themselves as dependents on or defenders of the welfare state. The privatisation of welfare will dismay employers who will have to administer pensions, Family Credit and Statutory Maternity Pay. The attack on women and the unemployed, on today's pensioners, and the pensioners of the future, will also anger the least politically committed of organisations such as the National Consumer Council, the Citizens Advice Bureaux and many other voluntary organisations. Their evidence, that the welfare state is not a luxury but a lifeline, has simply been ignored in favour of the prejudices of the New Right. □

Gordon Brown is Labour MP for Dunfermline East.

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SUSTAINING THE SECOND WAVE

There's a simple reason for CND's still-growing membership: the government. But how can this be translated into a disarmament breakthrough? Sarah Benton reports on the critical choice of a new leader which begins this Sunday

AROUND THE END of this month, the three higgledy-piggledy buildings housing CND's national offices in Finsbury Park, North London, will lie empty, the 40 full-time staff and as many volunteers, the countless files and overworked computer decamped to a converted warehouse in Old Street on the fringes of the City and London's East End. Friends and supporters will be invited to an office-warming party. They will be required to bring a plant rather than the usual bottle of alcohol. Very CND.

Once ensconced in their new open-plan space, the staff will be faced with another change; a new General Secretary. This has sent something of a tremor through the membership, because the dual leadership of General Secretary Bruce Kent and Chairwoman Joan Ruddock has been almost universally hailed as one of CND's greatest blessings. But Joan Ruddock too is expected to retire, if she can find a safe Labour seat, perhaps Leo Abse's in Torfaen, South Wales. Current Vice Chair Dan Smith is a strong candidate to succeed her. Both she and Bruce Kent are quick to assure the anxious that their commitment to working for CND will not be diminished.

A selection committee for CND has already drawn up a short-list of applicants to replace Mgr Kent. But it's not entirely happy with it, not least because no one on it has quite the eccentric charm or charisma of Kent and because there is no clear agreement on what sort of person CND now needs as a General Secretary — a striking public figure, a competent administrator, a skilled politician.

All of those who are being considered have one or other of these skills: Meg Beresford, who used to work for European Nuclear Disarmament, would be highly regarded as an administrator and for her sympathies with CND's character but would be seen as lacking confidence and style in large public events. Dermott Nolan, General Secretary of Irish CND, is regarded as being politically too sympathetic to the hard line Irish Communist Party. Tony Smythe, ex-Director of MIND, has not been included in the first shortlist, but is likely to be reconsidered if no one is chosen this Sunday, although his enthusiasm for popular campaigning and CND's open structure is not certain. Neither Sean Sinclair nor Dan Plesch is a front-runner.

The full-time staff themselves seem relatively unflustered about the new appointment. Several years ago, when they gasped to survive in administrative chaos and inexperience (organisation was never Kent's strong point) many of the staff would have desired a General Secretary to gallop in with a blue-print for a smooth running machine. Since then, order has slowly been instituted and the new professionalism amongst the full-time staff is taking effect.

As a result some feel that what CND needs is a calm and competent administrator, leaving Kent and Ruddock to keep up CND's bold and smiling face. But as other organisations have found, this can create a grey sludge at the core which eventually spreads through the whole centre. Those who want a more dynamic and purposeful General Secretary are faced however with a different problem; CND's principle of pay parity whereby all the staff get just under £8,000 a year, regardless of responsibility. Ending pay parity to get in more 'professional' and experienced journalists caused the dispute at *Time Out* and the eventual establishment of *City Limits*. If CND's pay parity were broken, on the recommendation of the National Council, in order to find a 'high flier' there might be long-drawn out resentment and disaffection amongst the currently highly committed staff. The existing short-list may be rejected this Sunday in favour of a re-advertisement, with the understanding that the 'right' person could be paid above the parity rate.

It is the increased professionalism of the organisation and the steps CND is taking out of the loony but lovable fringe into serious, mainstream political life which has created the problem. It's no longer just a question of servicing the members, but of leading CND to some decisive political initiatives. The confident move to new premises is a symbolic and tangible response to all the gloomy warnings — or desperate hopes — that this 'second wave' CND would, like the first, peak and wither away into a small band of cranky diehards, its tumultuous crowd of members floating apologetically off to take up the next political flavour of the era. Instead, CND has now settled down to the long haul. The fervent millenarianism of the early 1980s is now a thinner voice beside the more practised, professional and political tones of today's members.

Three years ago, the approach of 1983 with its likely general election and the coming of cruise missiles gave a terrible urgency to CND's campaigning. It would be, said speakers at the winter annual conference, 'make or break year', the year of decision. 1983 would be the culmination of new wave politics in which the missile-loving Tories would be eclipsed at a general election by a cross-party alliance of voters opposed to cruise missiles, Trident, American bases and a general preference for

PA

CND's greatest recruiter: the mad militarist gleam in Tarzan's eye

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'jobs not bombs'. Some of CND's fundamentalist wing, including Helen John of Greenham Common, firmly predicted that if the peace movement did not 'win' in 1983, the end of the world was very nigh.

The peace movement 'lost' in 1983 bringing down with it, in the eyes of sour Labour supporters, the Labour Party too. According to forecast CND's decline should have begun. And if not then, at least in December 1983 after cruise missiles had come to Greenham. Or so the Tories thought.

YET CND MEMBERSHIP is still growing. There are 50-60 new applications to join on an ordinary day, bringing national membership to over 110,000, with around another 250,000 local members. With one third of a million members, that still leaves the Conservative Party, with an estimated one and a quarter million, as Britain's largest political organisation. But by most criteria of involvement and activism, CND has for some time been Britain's largest active political movement.

For this, CND in part has Michael Heseltine, Minister of Defence, to thank. This flamboyant heartthrob of the Tory Party conference was appointed after the election to neutralise CND, the main threat to Tory defence policy. He has made error after error. The plans leaked by Foreign Office clerk Sarah Tisdall revealed that over cruise he was preoccupied with how to deceive the public; the decision to prosecute her was widely regarded as an over-reaction. His failure to extricate himself over the Belgrano affair and the decision to prosecute Clive Ponting for revealing that Parliament was being misled about it made things worse for him. He looked petty when he refused to debate with CND about the showing of the American film, *The Day After*.

But his most damaging act was the 'Raid on Molesworth' last February. The sight of a civilian Minister dressing up in an Army flak jacket to lead the army in a military raid on a group of 'hippies' at the RAF base and erect a £1m mesh fence shocked many people. It seemed to be an abuse of State power, a fatal seduction by images of soldier heroics.

Within days, CND had published its advertisement 'We are building bridges not fences', drawing a first day response from new members six times higher than usual. Then with Cathy Massiter's revelations about MI5 spying on CND — public awareness of it enormously heightened by the IBA's initial ban on broadcasting the programme — daily applications to join CND more than doubled, to between 100 and 120.

According to Carol-Ann Allen, CND's publicity officer, the policy is to respond quickly to the news, relying on repressive acts by government to create the public disquiet. CND then offers the *individual* something she or he can do about those feelings of disquiet. After the showing of *Threads* in September 1984, CND put small ads in the personal columns of every daily paper except the *Guardian*, drawing 1,200 replies in 10 days — two thirds of them from the *Daily Mirror*. Many were accompanied by letters from people saying they would never have imagined they would support CND but... 'I would like to do something today as tomorrow might be too late. Thanks for your efforts to save my life', wrote one 16 year old school boy.

The moral seems to be that with a government like ours, CND's survival is, ironically, assured. Alarm at what it is doing is channelled into CND which, in contrast to a political party, has a wide range of activities on offer — from joining the cruisewatch 'telephone tree' for the housebound and shy, through non-violent direct action for the bold or impatient, to painstaking lobbying of MPs and doorstep canvassing for the patient and political. Since Marjory Thompson was appointed as the Parliamentary and Elections Officer, a system of parliamentary monitors — 450 so far — has been set up to prod, lobby, and monitor the work of the local MP. Monthly briefings are sent out to all MPs, who increasingly use them as sources of reliable information, and Parliamentary Questions are fed to those who are sympathetic. That includes 133 Labour MPs, five Liberals, and a clutch of SDP and Tory MPs who are worried about, for instance, Trident and the constitutional position of American bases.

Such a division of tactics and interests has at times threatened to split CND. Conference rings with speeches declaring that direct action, or peace camps, or doorstep canvassing or stiffening the Labour Party's spine must be *the* priority for CND next year. There is a strong moral evangelicism which believes in converting the nation by cumulative individual pledges to be peace-loving. It has been impossible to turn CND into such an approximation of a political party or salvation army and this is no doubt the vital internal reason for its survival. The organisation has, says press officer Alison Whyte, managed to absorb successive new forms of political action and adapt its style in response. The most challenging was the women's movement and Greenham Common, which many hated for its anarchism and feminist separatism.

It is this process of absorption and change which most distinguishes it from a political party. That plus the fact that it is easy to join CND while to get into the Labour Party for instance it is common to have to pass a persistence test (first find us, then wait for 18 months after applying) and an endurance test (Minutes of the last Meeting, Resolutions 1-8 on rate-capping, local council report, zzzzz). And CND of course benefits from the widespread distrust of all political parties to act decisively and openly on defence and 'national security.'

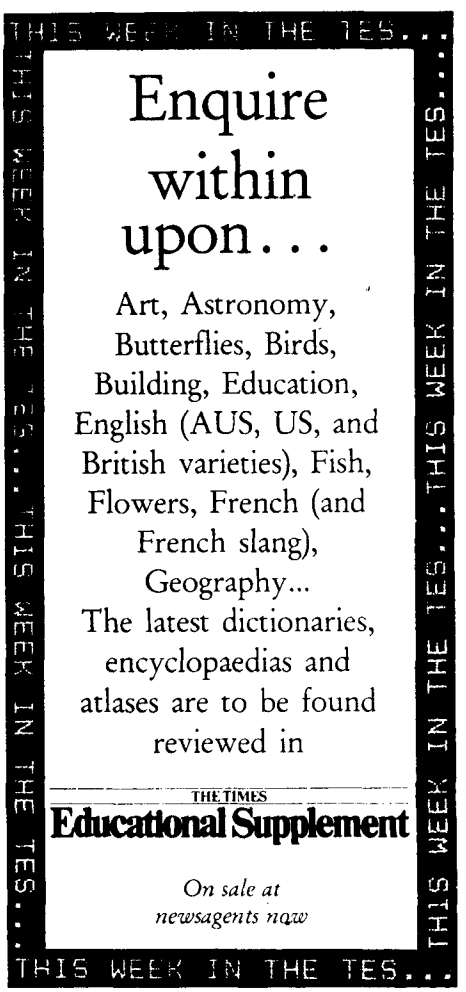
The moral imperatives of CND's 'fundamentalists' have also clashed with the political sophisticates and, most divisively, the tactics of political hardliners in Youth and Labour CND have threatened to reduce CND to a state of continual internal warfare. In the event, CND's National Council has, this year, kept most of them off the important committees, and the miners' strike took up much of the energies of committed socialist activists.

SO FAR SO good, for CND if not the political parties of the Left. But survival based on reaction to government aggression is not enough. CND now has to decide how it is to achieve a breakthrough. There would be two possible measures of such a success; first, to achieve a significant change in government policy on missile use or arms negotiations; secondly, a shift in public opinion from majority opposition to cruise and Trident to majority opposition to Britain's possession of nuclear weapons.

In going for one or other of these goals — the latter is more likely — CND has to decide whether or not to sponsor and campaign on a 'Defence Charter' as its major plank. The aim of a Defence Charter would be to lay down the first steps towards extricating Britain — and in the long term the world — from an escalating arms race and to provide for a non-nuclear system of defence. According to James Hinton, one of CND's most politically sophisticated activists and advocate of a Defence Charter, if work around a Charter began soon 'By the time the election came the terms of the discussion would have been set — not nuclear deterrence versus defencelessness (as in 1983) but nuclear escalation versus non-nuclear defence' (*Marxism Today*, April 1985).

Public opinion on nuclear defence is not so much volatile but contradictory and irresolute. Consistent majorities are recorded against cruise, against Trident, for including Polaris in arms negotiation talks, against relying on Reagan's judgment and US military strength to keep the world safe. But international polls also show British opinion to be especially fearful of attack by some outsider, most likely the USSR.

This suggests less a British nostalgia for its once mighty past than a realistic acknowledgement that Britain is now a small nation, stripped of its imperial protection, and feeling especially naked in the chilling winds of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the new Cold War. No campaign which does not look for policies which will acknowledge and develop these views into a coherent and progressive whole has a hope of changing Britain's defence policy. □

RATECAPPING

STARTING ROUND TWO ON THE ROPES

Will Labour councillors go on mistaking rhetoric for reality? Joan Smith reports

IN ONLY two months' time, Patrick Jenkin will announce the names of those local authorities which will find themselves rate-capped next year. As he draws up his Mark II hit list, he would be a very unusual politician indeed if he did not take comfort from the failure of this year's victims to come up with a coherent and effective means of fighting the 1984 Rates Act. In spite of a sustained rhetoric of defiance, the hard fact is that a majority of the rate-capped councils have now set a rate, and all the signs are that most, if not all, of the remaining rebels will do so in the next few days.

The toll on councils has been high. There have been destructive splits inside Labour groups, public recriminations which must be music to Jenkin's ears, and even damage to health — Tony Ritchie, leader of Southwark, collapsed from nervous exhaustion at one point during the campaign. The latest political casualty is Southwark's deputy leader, Graham Geddes, who lost his position on Monday night after withdrawing his challenge to Ritchie's leadership.

It is impossible to deny that mistakes have been made. More worrying still is the extent to which, in a striking parallel with the politics of the miners' strike, the same old rhetoric is still being employed. The effect is twofold. It frustrates any possibility of learning from this year's mistakes in time to develop a strategy for the next round of rate-capping. Just as seriously, it diverts attention away from the problems faced by those councils — Leicester, for example — which have set a legal rate wholly inadequate to meet planned spending.

That rhetoric was all speakers had to offer when the leaders of several rate-capped councils addressed a rally at Central Hall, Westminster, last Monday. Tony Ritchie, who chaired the meeting, rejected outright the option of looking at this year's errors. 'Now is not the time to start going into inquiries about what happened,' he said. There would be a continued policy of non-compliance, he insisted; the remaining councils should 'go forward in unity'.

Hilda Kean, leader of Hackney, was even more optimistic. 'Who would have thought last July that by May this year we would still have had seven councils who have not set a rate and continue in their campaigning stance?' she asked. She told pessimists to ask themselves whether 'we have got to such a stage that a democratically elected government will act in a totalitarian way and refuse to listen to the problems local government faces'. Her answer was unequivocal: 'The government will meet us as long as we stand firm and stand by the commitments we have been consistently making.'

THE PROBLEM with these speeches is that they do not accord with political reality. Why should Patrick Jenkin, at the very point in the campaign when things are running in his favour, change his mind and lend a sympathetic ear to the few remaining rebel councils? Nor is there much chance of the rebels being able to 'go forward in unity'. When rate-capped councils met at the end of April, only Southwark supported Camden's call to escalate the campaign into outright illegality. Yet although there is a majority in Camden's Labour group for toughening up the line, no such motion has been put to the full council — Labour has a majority of only eight and the Labour councillors voted against escalation.

Lessons, no matter how unpalatable they are, have to be learned if effective opposition to the attack on local government is to be organised. The first and most obvious is the folly of crying wolf. In the desire to present a united front, council leaders unanimously claimed they could not live within the rate-cap without catastrophic cuts in jobs and services. Some of these leaders *have* now found the means of protecting jobs and services for another year while complying with the rate-cap. When one of these councils really does face the crunch in another financial year, it will be all the more difficult to persuade the local community and council employees that this time it means what it is saying.

The second lesson is to close the gap which grew up between public boldness and private doubts. Doubts about the GLC's ability to maintain defiance existed as long ago as last October, when leaders of other councils were privately discussing how to go on opposing the Rates Act *without* the support of the GLC. The situation became even more absurd early this year, when it became clear that the government had cleverly set the GLC a very generous rate-cap which even allowed for some growth. If all this behind-the-scenes talk had been made public, the widespread feeling of disappointment when the GLC set a rate could have been avoided.

The third lesson is to recognise that more than one tactic may be appropriate. The drawbacks of not setting a rate were always apparent — some councils would be able to hold out longer than others because of differing financial circumstancs, while the initiative for action is placed in the hands of the district auditor or disgruntled ratepayers — but the tactic became, particularly in London, a litmus test of good socialism.

As councils abandon the tactic, a feeling is growing up that the fight against rate-capping is being abandoned with it. Yet some councils have effectively switched tactics to deficit budgeting, and face a stiff test later this year when they start to run out of money. The way forward lies in recognising unity of purpose — the protection of jobs and services — among the councils in spite of the different tactics individual authorities choose to adopt. □

MEDICINE

FURORE OVER SUSPENDED DOCTOR

A leading practitioner of woman-based maternity care has been summarily suspended. Jane Leighton investigates the circumstances

THE EXTRAORDINARY circumstances surrounding the suspension of one of the country's leading obstetricians are firing a campaign on the care of pregnant women.

Wendy Savage is a consultant obstetrician to Tower Hamlets District Health Authority and a senior lecturer in obstetrics and gynaecology at the London Hospital. She has been suspended without warning from her post as an NHS consultant for alleged malpractice in five cases. The health authority has set up an enquiry to be chaired by a QC. It could take up to two years to report and cost more than £100,000.

The cases go back to 1983. Four of the five involve GPs sharing maternity care with the consultant in problem pregnancies and the stage at which a caesarean section is undertaken. Savage herself was not on duty in every case — in one she was on holiday — but as consultant obstetrician she carries responsibility for her firm. Neither the GPs involved, nor the patients, have been informed of the investigation into the cases.

In only one has a patient complained. This was dealt with at the time and no disciplinary action was taken. Savage's unit delivers 600 babies a year. There has never been any suggestion that her perinatal mortality record (deaths from the seventh month of pregnancy to first week of life) is worse than average. She has been a consultant for 11 years and an obstetrician for 25.

What is surprising is the decision by Tower Hamlets health authority to suspend her immediately although Department of Health guidelines do not require doctors to be suspended pending investigation into serious complaints. The chairman of Tower Hamlets health authority, Francis Cumberledge, has refused to discuss why the authority took this decision, but he acknowledged that the authority has a duty 'to be absolutely fair to someone who is held in very high esteem by her patients and by many GPs'.

Wendy Savage has been denied that fairness. The authority gave her no opportunity of putting her observations before deciding on an enquiry. The suspension could last at least a year. It will damage her previously unblemished career and reputation and already means additional suspension from her teaching post. If she has no patients she is not allowed to teach. Ironically, in June she is to be elected as a Fellow of the Royal College of Obstetricians.

THE ALLEGATIONS reflect a disagreement

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about attitudes to the care of pregnant women. Savage believes in minimum medical intervention in birth and in allowing women to choose their own way of delivery. She brought back home deliveries in Tower Hamlets and helped run the hospital's day care abortion unit, pioneered nearly ten years ago by the former professor, Peter Huntingford. Speaking for Wendy Savage her solicitor said: 'If any obstetrician was exposed to the type of detailed scrutiny applied to Mrs Savage, it would not be surprising to find a number of situations which could give rise to disagreement, Mrs Savage firmly denies that she has been guilty of any malpractice and stands by the planned medical management of these cases'.

Neither the Professor of Obstetrics, Geddes Grudzinskas, nor her consultant colleagues, Trevor Beedham and John Hartgill, share Savage's philosophy on women-centred medicine. Savage commits her whole time to the NHS. Beedham and Hartgill have large private practices in Harley Street. The three men initiated the investigation into the five cases under inquiry.

Dr Luke Zander, chairman of the Royal Society of Medicine's forum on maternity care, believes that hostility to Savage's philosophy of medical practice is relevant to the bringing of the charge of malpractice: 'The nature of the cases does not warrant the devastating decision to remove her right to treat women or teach patients. If the aim was to improve services then they should have requested a systematic examination to see if Mrs Savage's methods are less safe than others'.

Instead, through the formal disciplinary procedure, Gordon Bourne, Obstetric Adviser to N.E. Thames Regional Health Authority, was asked to examine the five cases for a prima facie case of misconduct or incompetence. After receiving Bourne's opinion and taking legal advice, the District Health Authority suspended Savage.

Savage has strong support from other doctors and patients. The health district's GPs and community health workers have called for her reinstatement, describing her as an inspired and dedicated consultant. One hundred and fifty of her students petitioned the authorities to allow her to continue her lectures as they approach their finals. Many of the district midwives are known to back her reinstatement but they have been forbidden to talk to the press. Wendy Savage is the only female obstetric consultant at the hospital. She is popular with the district's Bengali population, and gave ante natal care to women in their GPs' surgeries to save them bus journeys and long waits in hospital clinics.

Health workers in the area fear Savage's suspension has implications for the local maternity and abortion services. Savage resisted suggestions that the obstetric and gynaecological unit at the Mile End branch of the London Hospital should close. Professor Grudzinskas and Savage's consultant colleagues want to centralise services at the Whitechapel branch of the London Hospital. Health workers also fear they will lose the most powerful challenger to high technology hospital-based care. □

A march to the London Hospital, Whitechapel, to support Wendy Savage's reinstatement, starts at 2.30pm on 13 June from Mile End Hospital.

John Sturrock/Network

TRAVELLING PUBLIC

Mick Hamer surveys the class and gender politics of getting from A to B

TO THE RATHER limited mind of Nicholas Ridley, the Secretary of State for Transport, the £1,500 million hand out to those who have company cars is the acceptable face of subsidy. Indeed, Ridley does not even think that it is a subsidy. On the other hand the £1,500 million that is paid to keep the nation's buses and trains running is far too high, according to Ridley.

Of course the two subsidies go to very different groups of people. The typical company car possessor has an above average income, is usually male and, more often than not, a Tory voter. The typical public transport passenger is much poorer, often elderly, or likely to be female. As far as Ridley is concerned, she can wait.

Many people fail to recognise the importance of transport. About 15 per cent of the average household's spending goes on transport in one form or another. Yet many of our experiences of transport are desperately unsatisfactory — the bunched buses, late trains and traffic jams. Even at the top the issue is given scant priority. The transport ministry goes to politicians who are on the way up (Norman Fowler, Tom King) or those on the way out — David Howell and the present incumbent.

Socialists too frequently fail to see transport as a class or a gender issue or, most fundamentally, that freedom to move around is a civil liberty. More than two thirds of the population do not have cars. Over the last 30 years their freedom to move has been progressively curtailed, to the extent that many women, children and pensioners as well as those living in rural areas are under virtual house arrest. Britain's transport tragedy is that it has, almost uniquely in Europe, seen transport as just a question of business: the value of manufacturing cars, for instance, the need for any transport system to 'make a profit' rather than an essential and integral part of our social, economic and civil life.

This is in part because those who do want to see a strong public transport system, and recognize its importance for our environment as well as our freedoms, have been disorganised and ineffectual. When, in the 1960s, the NUR woke up to the dangers of Beeching's axe, they approached the TUC to launch a major campaign to 'raise public consciousness' on transport. The TUC, dominated by the road based T&GWU, and anyway hostile to any idea that it should take up consumer issues, refused. The NUR failed to mount a public campaign. It was a terrible missed opportunity. But on the other side, those with an interest in private road transport have been one of the strongest lobbies in British politics. Through organisations like the British Road Federation, the Road Haulage Association, the AA and the RAC, the private interests of car makers, tyre companies, oil companies, road insurance companies, lorry owners and car owners, have been well represented. Meanwhile, the heads of the nationalised transport systems have been drawn from people who share the economic beliefs and class background of the road lobbyists rather than the users of public transport.

It has only been in the last few years that supporters of public transport have found powerful protagonists in the form of local councils. Ratecapping, the abolition of the GLC and the metropolitan councils, and the Transport Bill can all be traced to a conflict between government and councils over one

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issue — the subsidy to public transport.

NATIONALISING the railways and running them at a loss as a service to industry was widely canvassed in 1918 in the mood of reconstruction that preceded the end of the war. It was supported by, among others, Winston Churchill. But if it made economic sense, it was political anathema. When the railways finally were nationalised 30 years later, badly run down by the last war, they were lumbered with a capital debt of £900 million — compensation to the private owners. At first the newly nationalised industry made money, but the Tories denationalised road haulage in 1951, and lifted petrol rationing and soon British Rail began to lose money.

The Tories' election victory in 1959 was a turning point, because it brought into the Ministry of Transport Ernest Marples — a motorway builder. His family firm, Marples Ridgeway, built the Hammersmith Flyover, among other roads. Rail was by then losing about £100 million a year, and Marples brought in Richard Beeching, a businessman from ICI to run the railways. In 1963 Beeching published his report, designed to eliminate British Rail's subsidy. The most drastic proposal was for the closure of one third of the railway, including 2,000 stations, but Beeching also wanted to increase commuting fares 'to reduce overcrowding'!

By 1969, despite the election of a Labour government in 1964, 4,000 miles of railway line had been closed. Normally the trains were replaced by buses, but these were unpopular with passengers. In the south west of England 60 per cent of the replacement bus services have also now closed.

Beeching's closures were a comprehensive failure. Not only did one in five railway passengers vanish between 1961 and 1969; but British Rail's losses continued to rise.

At the same time as Beeching was producing his report on the railways Marples had asked Colin Buchanan, a former civil servant, to study transport in cities. His report, *Traffic in Towns*, was published a few months after Beeching's. Buchanan's starting point was 'the desire of society (sic) to use the motor vehicle to the full'. Although Buchanan found that it was physically impossible for everyone to have and use a car in any major town, he nonetheless advocated major road building, and his report was used to justify schemes such as London's infamous ringways. Buses replaced trams and trolleybuses; the capital and the quality of public transport declined.

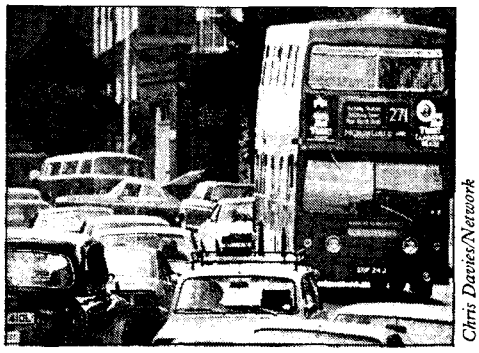
LABOUR's 1968 Transport Act set up passenger transport executives in four areas, Merseyside, Greater Manchester, West Midlands and Tyne and Wear. Following local government reorganisation in 1972 three more areas were added — Glasgow, West Yorkshire and South Yorkshire. And a separate act in 1969 transferred control of London Transport from the government to the Greater London Council. The idea behind these bodies was to co-ordinate buses and trains in the big cities.

Two of the big cities set out with distinctive long-term policies. In Tyne and Wear the council set about creating the metro. It built new tunnels in the centre of Newcastle to link with British Rail lines. All 34 miles of the metro are now open, and the bus routes have been redesigned to feed traffic into strategic interchanges between bus and metro.

Tyne and Wear's approach of investing in public transport, and reversing the trend since the war, has paid off. More people now travel by public transport in the county than did 10 years ago, despite a rise in unemployment and a decline in population.

South Yorkshire decided to freeze its fares in 1974 — and they haven't changed since. As inflation has climbed the effect of the fare freeze has been to cut fares in real terms. As a result it is now cheaper for five people to travel by bus than it is for them to crowd into a Mini. South Yorkshire's policy has also been a success, and it too is now carrying more passengers than it was ten years ago — while the other operators in the big cities have lost a third of their passengers over the same period.

In Britain South Yorkshire's cheap fares policy was unqiue. However, as Alex Waugh, the county's transport committee chair, frankly



Chris Davies/Network

acknowledges in a television interview,* although the politicians did not know it at the time, they were simply following policies pioneered in Europe. By 1981 South Yorkshire was paying 2p for every 1p paid by passengers. Yet even though this level of subsidy, 67 per cent, was high by British standards, in Brussels the subsidy was 70 per cent of the cost of running public transport, in Milan 71 per cent and New York 72 per cent.

In the 1981 council elections local Labour parties in the big cities all promised either a fares freeze, or a fares reduction. Labour swept the board, and since then the government has been hell bent on stopping cheap fares. To this end it took London Transport away from the GLC, and renationalised it. Its subsidy is to be halved in three years, although the cost to London's ratepayers has increased by 35 per cent.

The Transport Bill, which specifically forbids councils to subsidise their buses to keep down fares, ratecapping and abolition are all part of this attack on the principle of subsidy. British Rail's subsidy, which is already the lowest of any European railway, is also being cut by nearly £200 million.

However, Ridley is drawing up plans for a number of major new roads in London, costing up to £4,000 million. And who will use these roads? Almost 80 per cent of the vehicles that clog London's streets during an average rush hour are company cars. □

*Losing Track, *a ten part series on the history and politics of transport, starts on Wednesday 22 May, at 8pm on Channel 4. The book of the series, also called* Losing Track *by Kerry Hamilton, is published by Routledge & Kegan Paul, price £7.95.*

DRUGS

HOOKED OR CROOKED

John Strang despairs of a public approach to drug problems that is unequal, uncertain and transitory

IT KEEPS HAPPENING. You spend most of the week being told that there is not enough money to set up services for drug-takers; and then the next day your arm is twisted to see someone's daughter quickly because 'she's different'. If she is different then so are all the rest — the only difference is that someone with clout cares about her. This is becoming a common experience for workers in the drug field where the finely-stretched web of services is only managing to provide help to a small proportion of those who are seeking it; and large areas of the country remain untouched as far as services are concerned.

But how can it be, with escalating public anxiety and the injection of funds from the government, that services are in this sorry state? Part of the problem is to do with most people's uncertainty about whether those with drug problems are ill or are just plain bad; whether they are hooked or just crooked. It is essential that this difficulty is overcome, or else we will see yet further escalation of public anxiety and outrage with nothing more than a plethora of ill-fated spontaneous projects to provide help to drug takers that burn brightly for a moment — then burn out.

It is ironic that here we see a problem that cannot be addressed by the drug-takers themselves, nor even by drug services; for it is a problem which must be confronted by society. How do we wish to see drug problems today? What framework will we adopt? The answers to these questions will determine the nature of services that will emerge.

The following three case histories serve to illustrate these points:

Jane is aged 19 and is currently pregnant. She and her husband began to smoke heroin occasionally with friends last year, and have been taking it regularly for the past six months. Recently Jane has injected heroin on a few occasions at times when smoking heroin was not locally available. In view of her pregnancy, she is determined to stop using heroin and has been trying to withdraw herself 'cold turkey', drinking alcohol and taking minor tranquillisers instead. She has returned to it on several occasions as soon as she has become drug-free. Her family doctor has told her that there is nothing he is allowed to do to help her, and anyway she should just immediately stop using any drugs. No special drug unit exists in her part of the country. She urgently needs help to come off her heroin in a careful, controlled manner — perhaps by being prescribed decreasing doses of an oral substitute over a period of a couple of months so that she is entirely drug-free by the time her child is born.

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Failing this, she needs practical advice on how to do her own drug withdrawal, including the fact that abrupt withdrawal is likely to be harmful to her unborn child.

Peter is 26 and has been using heroin daily for the last five years. He first tried smoking heroin at a time when there was a local shortage of cannabis. He soon progressed on to injecting the heroin and has used it ever since. The authorities (including the police) were unaware of his drug use when he sought help to come off heroin. He was unemployed and had been funding his drug use by minor dealing in drugs. He thought of it as a local co-operative to purchase heroin at the cheaper bulk rate. He had recently become engaged to a woman who did not use drugs, and she convinced him to seek help to come off drugs; his several attempts at 'do-it-yourself' withdrawal while at home had failed. However, during the six months on the waiting list for a special drug unit, he was arrested, charged and found guilty of possession of heroin with intent to supply and is now serving a two-year prison sentence.

John's childhood (he is now 38) was extremely disturbed with frequent moves from his mother's home to relatives and often into care. He truanted from school and appeared frequently before the courts for offences relating to petty crime, alcohol or drug use. He was recognised by Health and Social Services as a long-term, difficult and unrewarding customer — and yet most people had a soft spot for him. He came off drugs on many occasions over the years, but had quickly drifted back.

When his mother died, he was ill-equipped to cope with the feelings that emerged as part of his grief. His drug use became even more chaotic and disturbed, but at the same time he was requesting help with greater determination. Funds were necessary for him to go to a long-term drug-free rehabilitation house. As usual there was bureaucratic delay while various authorities argued about who should accept responsibility for funding his place at the rehabilitation house which had accepted him. After several weeks drug-free and waiting on the ward, he decided to leave and try to manage on his own. Four months later he was dead, having hanged himself in the hostel for down-and-outs where he had been living for the last few months.

EACH OF THESE cases illustrates the unnecessary human suffering and the waste of money, well-being and life that occurs through lack of facilities and funds. And yet it is also clear that each of these cases was difficult and needed an individually-tailored service. What is lacking is a more holistic approach, looking at the relationship between the drug, the individual and the whole environment.

Of course some drugs will be associated with problematic use more than others, but the concept of a balance which becomes disturbed remains valid across these various substances. We recognise that although the majority of those drinking alcohol do not end up on 'skid row', nevertheless there will be a proportion who develop moderate problems linked to their alcohol use and there will also be a proportion who become major casualties. One key element is the recognition of the heterogeneity of the alcohol-using population even though we may attempt (and perhaps even succeed) in identifying clusters from within this scattered population. In the above case histories we can see similarities; that although the drug may be the same, the people and their problems are very different.

As yet we are poorly equipped to undertake the task of spotting those who will have particular difficulties coming off drugs and this will clearly need to be an area of major work in the future. There will be reasons why people start to try drugs; a different set of reasons why they choose to continue taking them and yet another for why certain people become dependent upon them. We need to be better skilled at identifying the underlying reasons for the differences. Our experience with alcohol

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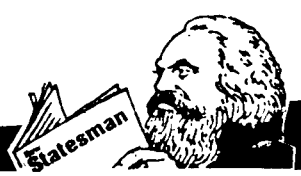

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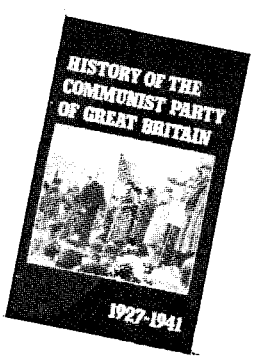

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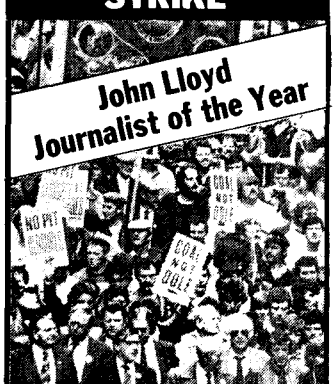

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strongly suggests that the greater the quantity of the drug which is around, then the greater will be the overall use, and the greater will be the number of casualties. There is abundant evidence of a marked increase in the availability due to supply and lower price — all over the country of a range of illegal drugs including heroin.

For those seeking help, it is obviously necessary and sensible to provide services to help them overcome their dependence on drugs (whether the drug is heroin, a minor tranquilliser, glue or alcohol). Yet a realistic appraisal of service provision across the whole country finds a woeful lack of such facilities. Surely our task should be to encourage as many people as possible to make use of support services. We must make sure that it is easy for people to get help to come off — and make it easier to stay off.

The first step is to make sure that general services in this country adapt so that they are able to provide help to those with drug problems; and that they are considerably more attractive to drug users than the present off-putting response. Drug units could then go out to make contact with those in the earlier stages of their drug-using careers to encourage them into services.

In the North West, the principle has largely been accepted that those with drug problems have a right to receive help to come off drugs. Over the last couple of years most of the local psychiatric services have participated in providing a straightforward service of withdrawal off drugs, as part of their general service. By the beginning of 1985, a few of the local districts in the North West had already established Community Drug Teams. These local teams of two or three full-time workers are not a sufficient response in themselves, but they act as catalysts to local developments. This month, the Regional Health Authority has accepted proposals for a major expansion of this scheme so that by the end of this year there will exist a network of these teams across the North West which are expected to be user-friendly entry points into the services.

No such network of services is planned for any other part of the country. We are going to have to face the fact that if we want a service then we are going to have to put some money into it, and we must produce a durable product which outlasts any transitory government and public concern sparked off by media attention, and which can adapt to changing needs of drug-abusers. □

Dr John Strang is the regional specialist in drug dependence, based at Prestwich Hospital, Manchester.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□My Kilts for the Young campaign has been so successful I've extended it to unemployed men. The wearing of the kilt helps the morale of men who have been unemployed a long time. Unfortunately the supply of kilts donated has tailed off. A great pity, with so many unemployed school-leavers, desperate to wear the kilt as well. — Letter in *The Sunday Post* (Keith Macdonald)

No such thing as a free lunch

Francis Wheen

LET'S START with a couple of *apéritifs*. First, a passage from *A Growing Concern* (Weidenfeld, 1979), the revealing but sadly neglected memoirs of Nigel Broackes, founder of Trafalgar House:

> The market sensed that a bid was on the way, but only the *Daily Telegraph* guessed that it might be from us; a reporter put the question directly to me on the telephone, and I replied with a categorical denial; I had no choice, but the journalist deserved credit for his inspiration, and we did not want him as an enemy in the weeks that followed. Fortunately Kenneth Fleet, then City editor of the *Telegraph*, was (and is) a good friend, and someone I trust completely; so I told Kenneth the whole story, and he respected my confidence. In fact we rather enjoyed ourselves.

And who would begrudge them their bit of fun? After all, it was only at the expense of the paper's readers. My next quote comes from another illuminating volume, the Department of Trade investigation into House of Fraser and Lonrho, conducted by John Griffiths QC and published last year (a snip at £22.50 from HMSO):

> Mr Ivan Fallon, them City editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, had demonstrated by articles in his newspaper an affinity with and support for Lonrho and its cause on Harrods demerger. I learned that not infrequently Mr Rowland and Mr Fallon lunched together or met or spoke . . .

You begin to get the picture? In the past few years there has been quite a successful campaign to expose and discredit the *modus operandi* of parliamentary lobby correspondents, but amid the fuss about Bernard Ingham and the news manipulators of Westminster it has been largely forgotten that almost all specialist reporters — defence correspondents, diplomatic correspondents, and so on — depend on some kind of lobby system. The details may vary but the main element in each case is the same — the regular, systematic use of non-attributable briefings. It makes no difference whether the briefings are given to political correspondents in Downing Street or to a City editor over an agreeable and expensive lunch.

Which brings us back to Nigel Broackes and Tiny Rowland. And leads us on to Paul Johnson, who in last week's *Spectator* attacked labour correspondents for being heavily dependent on one source of information — official union machines — and for being correspondingly docile and unwilling to bite the hand that feeds them. What he apparently failed to notice was that his criticisms are equally applicable to City journalists (for whom the metaphor about the hand that feeds them can be the literal truth). According to Paul Johnson, a labour correspondent who took part in a 'systematic campaign to expose abuses within a union would quickly find himself frozen out by his sources'; Johnson neglected to add that the same would happen to a reporter who tried something similar in the City.

Nevertheless, in spite of Johnson's lop-sided attitude, and although it's unpleasant to have to admit it in this paper of all places, he has a point — and it's one that ought to be taken up by the Left. The problem with British industrial reporting is not only that labour correspondents and City journalists are afraid of offending their sources, but also that there is such a rigid divide between stories about 'capital' and stories about 'labour'.

If a company announces increased profits, or reveals that its directors are being offered lucrative share options, the news is reported in the 'business' or 'financial' pages (keep going straight on past the arts and leaders and take the third on your right — you can't miss them). If the same company announces that it is sacking 1,000 workers, the story will appear on the 'home news' pages under the by-line of a labour reporter. A wage claim is home news; a flight of capital is not. This cleavage militates against any serious understanding of the nature of Britain's political economy.

Paul Johnson's proposal — which I'm happy to second, even if my reasons for supporting it are utterly different from his — is that a leading newspaper should make a complete break with the past and set up an Industry Unit, staffed by six or seven reporters. The best model I can think of for such a Unit, albeit a small-scale model, is the partnership between Patrick Wintour and Christopher Hird on the *New Statesman* in the late 1970s; but I suspect this may not be the prototype that Paul Johnson has in mind.

Johnson's belief is that such a Unit would 'improve Fleet Street's handling of strikes' because it would prevent them from being covered 'from a union viewpoint'. Given the present political climate in Fleet Street, his confidence that the new system would work to the advantage of capital may be well placed. But I wonder.

Much would depend, obviously, on who the reporters were and what their brief was. But even if a couple of members of the Unit were the type of people who lunch with Nigel Broackes or Tiny Rowland every day, at least the information (or disinformation) that they picked up at those lunches would not go straight into print: it would be subject to checking and further investigation by other members of the team, who might be less inclined to 'enjoy themselves' by misleading their readers.

Now all we need is a paper bold enough to take up the suggestion. Don't all rush at once. □

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DIARY

Naomi Mitchison

Nice to get out of the gloom cloud of the UK, first to Lusaka, the markets bright and heaped with fruit and vegetables, paper cones of boiled peanuts, baskets and cotton prints. But shops cheerfully out of almost everything. After three almost dry years, the rain came with a vengeance, grass along the roads head-high and the farmers beginning to grumble about flooding. So on to Zimbabwe.

○

Power struggles are never pretty to watch. Elections are coming off in June, though the voters' register had to stay open for weeks to catch the many thousands who hadn't bothered. The various youth movements are busy, chasing people into the political rallies which overcrowd newspapers and telly. Of course Mugabe will win and this year's maize harvest was unexpectedly good, due largely to the smaller, African-owned farms; there should be another after this good rain. I find it extraordinary to see a green African countryside.

In Harare people look cheerful and well fed, the better-off men almost always in suits, sober or sporty; only an occasional elderly European male is still wearing shorts. Shops are busy. No doubt there is poverty; the good minimum wage rises are gobbled up by inflation. I think the best political leaders, especially Mugabe, really want social equity as well as a good economic balance, but it isn't easy. There is still quite a lot of corruption, usually more obvious and simplistic than anything in Europe or the US; it seems, as far as an outsider can see, to be smartly dealt with once it becomes public.

○

As for the civil war or whatever you like to call it (I don't care much for the word dissident) it goes on more or less. The problem is that soldiers must be taught to have total loyalty to Us, total enmity to Them. Unless they are strictly disciplined, this attitude will be bad for anyone who speaks or acts in a way that seems — well, foreign. Like, say, an Irish accent. Still worse a different language, as in Matabeleland.

No doubt there are still South African agents around. They are more likely to escape than ordinary peasants, leaving the innocent to suffer. South Africa is the only country to benefit by this war, as part of their destabilising policy. Neither Mugabe nor Nkomo can possibly want it to go on.

○

Harare publishers turn out thousands of school books and little else for a vastly increased number of schools — the government's first priority, along with communal health and cheap housing. But what will happen to all those educated boys and girls expecting nice jobs? Seventy-six thousand sat 'O' Levels; twelve thousand passed. Few of them will want to go back to manual work. Soon Zimbabwe, like India, will have a major unemployment problem.

○

Aid occurs in various ways in African countries. In Harare, for instance, Yugoslav aid has taken the form of a remarkably ugly and inappropriate conference hall and hotel. Most of the materials came from Yugoslavia, as did the skilled work force. However, the British architects, who have won the design for the new Parliament building, estimate that only 12 per cent of the materials will need to be imported and they will have a largely Zimbabwean work force.

○

Back to Mochudi, my home town in Botswana and more and more people greeting me. Because of the drought there has been no thatching grass for three years, so the town straggles out for miles, fair-sized building plots with flat, tin-roofed houses, some with several rooms, veranda and garden chairs, hope of a garden when the rain comes back, but none with the beauty and dignity of the great thatched *rondavels*, so cool for living. Many of these are dropping to pieces and some of the splendid shade trees are looking sad; no marulas this year. And all these tins and broken glass everywhere along roads and paths — in spite of the big rubbish bins and the school children's collections.

ROGER WODDIS

After the fire

'I see a bloke in there where he was in flames. What can you say?' — a man at the Bradford match

What you can say is nothing.
Shake your head perhaps, and stir your tea,
And think of silence and the empty chair,
Stare at the pictures you are sick to see,
Read all the words. Be thankful you weren't there.

What you can feel is pity
In the privacy of gratitude and fear;
Or, with a careful face, be publicly dumbfounded,
Praise the anonymous, hold back a tear,
Express your grief and think how good it sounded.

What you can count are bodies,
Though not assess the total sum of pain.
Nothing, in short, must thwart the national will:
The numbing nightmare must not come again,
But now the panic — who will foot the bill?

What you can learn are lessons,
Or, seeing how your ostrich days are spent,
You can wake up and hear the midnight chimes.
What you could not imagine or invent
Is Bradford multiplied a million times.

○

Drought relief goes on. The women stamping corn for porridge, which, with condensed milk, is the staple school meal, are getting it. Sad that, being in the South African customs union, Botswana cannot import cheap fruit from Zambia or export the meat which Zambia would like.

But things are stirring. The general election is over, leaving the country burdened with election promises, such as universal free education up to Junior Certificate. One primary school I visited was squashed into half its buildings, the other half taken over by the new Junior Secondary — yes, more classrooms will go up: sometime. The opposition now holds four seats out of 32. This has happened before and made little difference in Seretse Khama's party. But now, although the government campaigned under that shadow with many, perhaps too many, of the old ministers, it has lost its popular support, above all in the towns. The opposition leader, Ken Koma, is a strange, quiet, formidable figure. Already the government seems prepared to go some way to meeting his challenges. He is no longer the bright young Marxist I used to know, but perhaps closer to the real problems.

I had hoped to hear him speak on the loudspeaker of the members' bar, but that, like so many bits of modern technology, had broken down. After various parliamentary interruptions and explosions, the arguments went on outside. Gradually the country is making up its mind for a change.

○

And then, a thunder storm out of sudden dark clouds, the first rain drops vanishing off hot stones. Then hail that ripped leaves and sent all animals scuttling for shelter, with it great handfuls of crushed ice spattering noisily out of the clouds. Since then two showers of good rain and the Metsimotlhaba river changing from a few mud-pools into a river running with top soil. Still this drought goes on a few miles from the storm centre, but here there are small birds, which had seemed totally absent, flitting and chirping again.

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HELPING AFRICA TO GO HUNGRY

David Ward analyses the nature of Western aid and explains why its military, strategic and political bias is partly responsible for famine across a whole continent

THE MEDIA-PROMPTED explosion of concern about starvation in sub-Saharan Africa has so far concentrated almost exclusively on the immediate need for famine relief. With tens of thousands dying in the drought-stricken regions of Ethiopia, Chad, Sudan and Mozambique it is not surprising that attention is focused on the short term emergency measures required to save lives.

But what are the longer term development strategies that could prevent famine in the future? And what has been the response of the Tory government and other industrialised country donors at a time when the Western public have shown unprecedented generosity through donations to voluntary relief agencies?

A glimpse of the dimensions of the crisis highlights the longer term solutions available to African and donor governments alike. After initial success in the post-independence years sub-Saharan Africa's economic and social conditions began to stagnate. Growth rates averaged 3.6 per cent annually between 1970 and 1980 but have slumped every year since. Growth has not kept pace with the increase in population (rising at over three per cent a year) so that income per head has fallen. In 1983 income per head is estimated to have declined to about four per cent below its 1970 level.

Most crucially, food production has failed to keep pace with population growth forcing the continent to rely on ever increasing volumes of food imports. It is estimated that one in five people in sub-Saharan Africa is now fed by food imports (providing an all too convenient outlet for Common Market agricultural surpluses). Meanwhile the region's industrial production remains weak, under-utilised and accounting for less than 10 per cent of total Gross Domestic Product.

Dogged by the colonial legacy of dependency on the export of primary commodities more than any other region the continent is exposed to the adverse impact of external events both economic and environmental. The deliberate policies of deflation undertaken by Western governments since 1979 have sent commodity prices tumbling to their lowest levels in three decades dramatically weakening sub-Saharan Africa's terms of trade.

As a consequence sub-Saharan Africa has become ensnared in a debt crisis at least as severe as the more publicised problems of Latin America. Although by global standards the volume of African debt is small the debt burden is greater than for any other continent, amounting to 58 per cent of Gross National Product in 1984 compared with 46 per cent for Latin America. Increasingly the region is being strangled by the loan conditions and debts owed to the International Monetary Fund; described by Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere as 'an instrument for economic and ideological control of poor countries by the rich ones'.

It is estimated that annual capital flows to the region will decline from about $11 billion to $5 billion over the period 1985-97 — exactly at the moment when more resources, not less, are crucially needed. Hence the world economic recession of the 1980s, induced and fostered by monetarism, combined with the worst drought in 15 years, have ravaged many countries in sub-Saharan Africa and have pushed nearly 20 of them to the brink of disaster — and beyond in the case of Ethiopia.

IN RESPONSE TO this depressing situation the international community — and not least African governments — have engaged in a lively policy debate. In April 1980 heads of state and government of the Organisation of African Unity (OAU) approved the 'Lagos Plan of Action'. The document set out 'a far-reaching regional approach based primarily on collective self-reliance'. Emphasising the need to promote regional integration, the Lagos Plan acknowledged the need 'to channel a greatly increased volume of resources into agriculture' while affording a major role to 'industrialisation and modernisation of society'.

In September the following year, the World Bank published the so-called Berg Report (named after its main author Elliot Berg). The report had been requested by the Bank's African governors and featured a hard-hitting critique of the domestic policies of African governments.

Berg asserted the primacy of agriculture as against industrialisation and favoured an outward looking export-orientated strategy that would favour smallholders rather than large farms. The Bank's report attacked the food pricing policies of many African governments which, it was argued, had been held down artificially to benefit consumers at the expense of rural producers. Berg also called for sustained reductions in overvalued currencies which had encouraged imports while making exports uncompetitive.

Not surprisingly Berg's analysis sparked off a major policy debate. African governments, the OAU, academics and others were highly critical of the report's unbalanced critique of African domestic policy and its excessive ideological predilection for the private sector. The report paid scant attention to the hostile external economic environment facing Africa and, in particular, the frequently inappropriate policy advice and assistance provided by the major Western donors.

THE POLICY confrontation, however, succeeded in provoking debate and in response a series of subsequent reports by the World

US aid goes military

THE REAGAN Administration's response to the crisis in sub-Saharan Africa consists of a predictable mix of *laissez-faire* ideology and militarism. The latest Administration foreign aid request for financial year 1986 shows the continuing trend to militarise the bulk of US overseas assistance.

The foreign aid budget in the US is divided into Development and Security Assistance. The former is 'pure' development aid spent on projects in the Third World, food aid and on contributions to multilateral development agencies (such as the World Bank). The latter divides into the Economic Support Fund — a flexible form of aid designed to serve US 'political, strategic, economic' concerns and which is used for non-project balance of payments support — and Military Aid which provides loans for military equipment, training and support.

In 1981 the split between Development and Security Assistance was roughly 50:50 but the Reagan Administration has shifted the balance substantially. The latest request for 1986 includes 34.9 per cent for development and 64.1 per cent for Security Assistance; the latter having grown by 102.2 per cent since 1981 (see pie-charts).

This trend has made a marked impact on US aid to sub-Saharan Africa. The latest foreign aid request proposes a minor increase in development aid contrasted with increases of 8.7 per cent for ESF and 29.7 per cent for military aid. Economic support to the region (combining Development Assistance and ESF) is heavily concentrated in a handful of countries strategically significant for the US. Four countries — Sudan, Liberia, Kenya and Somalia — are planned to receive 43 per cent of all economic aid for sub-Saharan Africa.

Meanwhile the Reagan Administration has launched the so-called Economic Policy Initiative. The US is offering $500 million to African governments over the next five years in order to gain 'reform leverage'. The aim is to encourage African countries to redirect their economies on capitalist lines. 'The whole initiative', say US officials, 'is based on the incentive principle' and stresses the dismantling of the public sector 'for transfer to the private sector'.

In Washington development lobby groups have called for a freeze in US foreign aid spending. In testimony to the Senate a representative of the church-based Interfaith Action for Economic Justice, Larry Minear, argued that 'such a freeze would halt the steady trend towards increased Security Assistance and decreased Development Aid'. He complained that the US response to the food crisis in Africa 'has been much more security oriented than development oriented' and urged Congress 'to reject the further distortion of foreign aid resources'.

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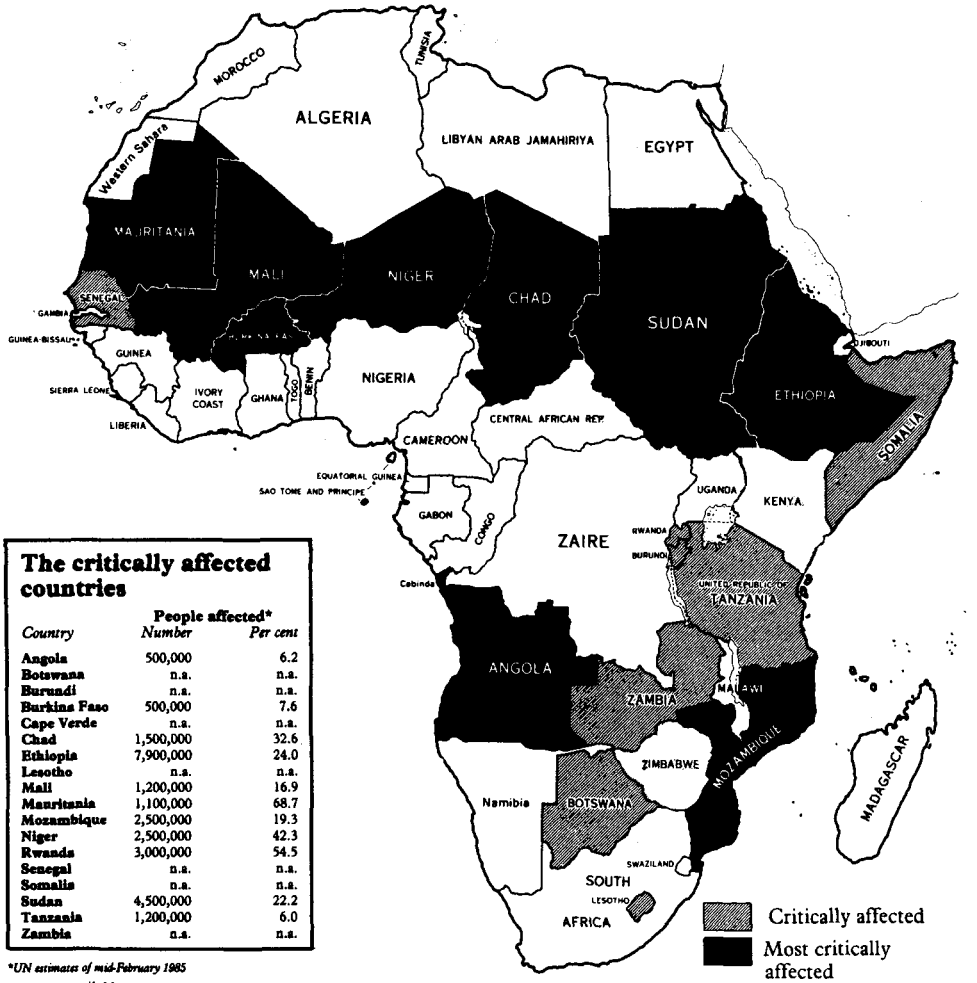
Bank somewhat modified the policy stance. Although retaining the substance of the original critique of food pricing and exchange rates the Bank redressed the balance by acknowledging the external factors and the role of donors. In its latest report published last September, the Bank calls for policy reform both by donors and African governments.

The fresh approach challenges donors' 'preferences emerging from their own commercial interests or from a view that is no longer relevant to development priorities in Africa — for example, a preference for large infrastructure and industrial projects'. The Bank hopes that African governments willing to undertake reform measures to promote local agriculture will in turn benefit from better co-ordinated, flexible and appropriate volumes of official aid.

For the present a consensus support for this process has emerged. African governments are more supportive and the recent OAU heads of government meeting acknowledged the need for reform. There are doubts, nonetheless, that over the long term the consensus will be sustained. For there is little evidence to suggest that the major Western bilateral donors will pay more than lip service to the new approach required to restore the momentum of African development. It is more than likely that policy reform will remain a one-way street with African governments undertaking painful and politically delicate policy adjustment while the donors merely provide diminishing volumes of aid in the traditional poorly co-ordinated and commercially biased manner.

Despite the crisis in sub-Saharan Africa the Tory aid programme, for example, now explicitly linked to 'political, industrial and commercial considerations', is planned to decline in the current financial year by about 3 per cent compared to last year. (Overall the real level of aid spending during the last five years has shrunk by 17 per cent). In contrast to the £50 million so far donated by the British public, the Tories' response to the African famine has come solely from switching funds to emergency use from within the overall shrinking aid budget. No new funds have been allocated to cope with the exceptional demand for famine relief. Indeed, planned spending on emergency aid for this year is £60 million, a drop of some £40 million compared to last year's expenditure.



The critically affected countries

Country	People affected* Number	Per cent
Angola	500,000	6.2
Botswana	n.a.	n.a.
Burundi	n.a.	n.a.
Burkina Faso	500,000	7.6
Cape Verde	n.a.	n.a.
Chad	1,500,000	32.6
Ethiopia	7,900,000	24.0
Lesotho	n.a.	n.a.
Mali	1,200,000	16.9
Mauritania	1,100,000	68.7
Mozambique	2,500,000	19.3
Niger	2,500,000	42.3
Rwanda	3,000,000	54.5
Senegal	n.a.	n.a.
Somalia	n.a.	n.a.
Sudan	4,500,000	22.2
Tanzania	1,200,000	6.0
Zambia	n.a.	n.a.

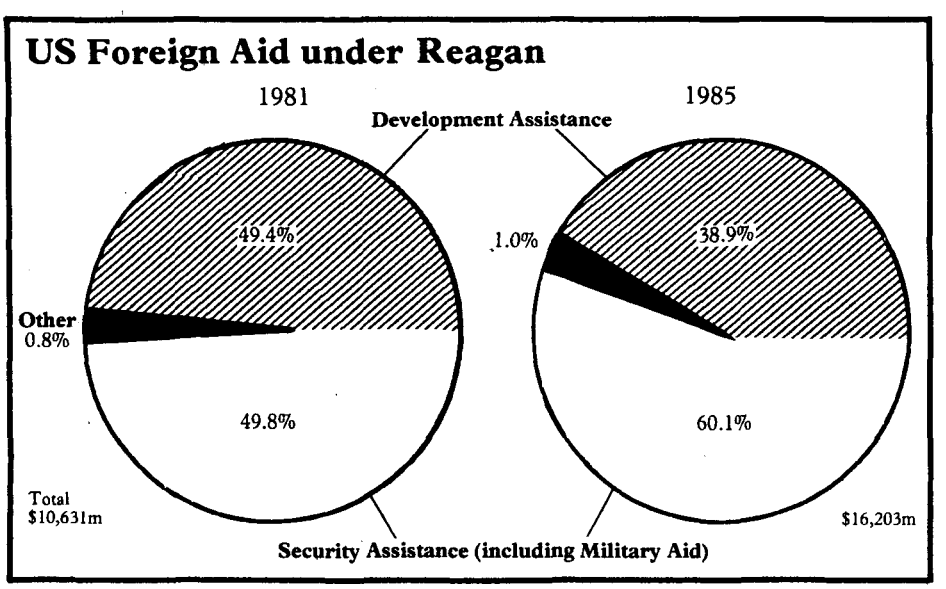
*UN estimates of mid-February 1985
n.a. not available

THE TORY government has, in addition, allowed aid to sub-Saharan Africa to become increasingly inflexible. Support for local costs (aid used to purchase goods and services obtained within the recipient country and particularly important for projects which help the poor) has suffered a decline in cash terms of over 25 per cent — even greater after allowing for inflation — over the period 1980-1983. Similarily programme aid (another more flexible form of assistance not linked to specific projects but used for balance of payments support and purchase of essential imports) has suffered a massive 55 per cent cash reduction in the four years from 1979.

Equally significant is the declining quality of the British aid programme. Far too little of Britain's longer term development aid to sub-Saharan Africa is devoted to agriculture. In 1983 a mere 27 per cent of Britain's project aid went to the agriculture sector and a low proportion of that was available to rain-fed (that is mainly peasant) farming where commercial spin-offs for British companies are clearly limited.

On paper the major Western donors have endorsed proposals for improved quality and co-ordination of aid to Africa. But it is less clear that they intend to fully implement them. Donors such as the Tory government or the Reagan Administration (see box) have an increasing propensity to lecture African governments about domestic policy reform and are reluctant to subject their own aid performance to similar critical scrutiny.

Against such a background African governments are likely to become deeply disenchanted with one-sided policy reform. Furthermore they may be frustrated and destabilised (e.g. Sudan) if reform measures are undertaken and adverse trends in the world economy, outside their control, render reform ineffective and plunge them deeper into economic crisis. The industrialised countries must shoulder their share of the problem and accept their overwhelming influence over the international trading and finance system. Without genuine reform on both sides famines such as in Ethiopia will recur with sickening regularity well past the end of the century. □



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MIDDLE EAST

ANOTHER WAY TO CONTROL LEBANON

Mustafa Saad speculates on who was behind his attempted assassination

Boston

Mustafa Saad, a Sunni Moslem, is a prominent figure in southern Lebanon and the leader in Sidon of the Nasserite Popular Movement, one of the elements of the Lebanese National Resistance Front against the Israeli occupation. His father, Marouf Saad, was a member of the Lebanese parliament, and his murder in 1975 — attributed to Christians loyal to Camille Chamoun — was one of the incidents that sparked the Lebanese civil war between Moslem and Christian forces. On 21 January, a large bomb was detonated outside Saad's office and apartment in Sidon: 22 people were killed and 40 injured, including Saad and his family. After extensive treatment in a Boston hospital, he returned home last week.

ON 8 JUNE, 1982, when we failed to stop the Israeli invasion of Sidon, I left my home to go to Saadnael. When I returned on 7 July I found two armoured Israeli vehicles and two tanks surrounding the building where I live. At 9am four Israeli soldiers came to my apartment and asked me to accompany them to their military headquarters in Sidon. There I was interrogated by Captain Haim and Captain Arno.

They mainly wanted to know the names of the members of the Nasserite Popular Movement that I head. They also asked how I re-entered Sidon, why I had come back, whom I had met in Saadnael, what were the decisions that were taken and what were the plans we had prepared.

In August 1982 the Israelis tried again to approach me by sending Colonel Shlomo, an officer of the Israeli reserves in charge of the Damour area, who claimed that he knew my late father and that they were in the same prison during the British Mandate. I refused to co-operate with him.

Then I was approached by the Israeli military governor of Sidon, Colonel Sami, who told me that the Phalangists in the area were armed and that in order to protect ourselves we should be armed — after the invasion the Israeli army had collected all the arms from the Moslems. Sami said he was willing to provide us with arms and would permit us to reopen the offices of the Nasserite Popular Movement. I refused.

IT SEEMS THAT on the day the Israeli military headquarters in Tyre was blown up [4 November 1983] they were afraid that a similar attack would be attempted on their headquarters in Sidon. So they came to my house and asked me to accompany them for a meeting with Colonel Rabin. On arriving at the headquarters I noticed almost all the personnel had been evacuated. They made me stay there for four hours, assuming that if the headquarters were going to be blown up, I would go up with them.

Starting in April 1984 the military governors of Sidon, first Colonel Sami and then his replacement Colonel Younes, paid me many visits at home and told me that the Sunnis in the region of Sidon would be a minority in the whole of south Lebanon, and that they would be in danger. Since Lebanon is going to be divided into different cantons, they said, then it will be in our best interest to start the preparation of declaring the Sunni canton in the Sidon area. They claimed they were ready to supply us with weapons and help us economically. They declared that the Sidon region had the potential of becoming another Monte Carlo and suggested that preparations for the canton should start by stopping all attacks on the Israeli army.

My answer to them was that the Israelis are the occupiers of my country and that they should withdraw from the south of Lebanon. We are against the partitioning or cantonisation of Lebanon, I told them, and we want a united democratic Lebanon. Nothing else is acceptable to us.

On the evening of 21 January, 1985, I was having a meeting with prominent people from Sidon to discuss how to avoid problems upon the Israeli withdrawal. My wife was also entertaining my aunt and nieces and nephews. At 6.30 a car with 220 pounds of explosives went off about 30 feet from the building.

My wife, daughter, son and I were taken to Ghassan Hammoud hospital in Sidon. When the doctors saw the extent of our injuries they decided to transport us to the American University of Beirut. So UNIFIL [the UN observer force] was contacted to help transport us to Beirut by one of their helicopters. The UNIFIL agreed. We were immediately transferred to Kfarfalous Hospital to await the arrival of the helicopter.

After my wife and I had been carried on board, there was shooting by the Israeli soldiers and the pilot was denied permission to fly out of the area. In the meantime, General James Calahan, the commander of UNIFIL in Lebanon, was trying to convince the Israelis that the helicopter — which carries the United Nations flag — should be given permission to take off. Finally, at 11.40pm after a delay of three hours, the pilot was given the authorisation to fly. My daughter, son and two nieces were allowed to be transferred by the Lebanese Red Cross two days later, although my daughter was severely injured and she passed away the day after, on 24 January.

We think that the Israelis were behind the bombing because of our continuous refusal to co-operate with them and because Israel was forced to withdraw from Sidon region unconditionally, with no agreement or any substantial goals achieved. Due to the heavy losses of the Israeli army in southern Lebanon they sought some type of revenge. They thought that by my death they might achieve one of the following possibilities: the start of sectarian war in the region between the Moslems and the Christians; or the takeover of decision-making in Sidon by the Israeli collaborators, who would then be in a stronger position.

According to this plan, groups such as the Phalangists, the Lebanese Forces [the Christian militia, not be be confused with the national army], and the Major Antoine Lahd group would establish friendly relations with the Israelis. Thus, even if the Israelis *do* go through with the third phase of withdrawal, to south of the Litani River — which we doubt — they will retain power by handing over to groups which are both militarily and economically in their control.

According to the Washington Post *of 12 May, late last year President Reagan authorised a covert CIA operation to recruit, train, and support assassination squads in Lebanon whose targets were to be those whom US intelligence blamed for attacks against American personnel. The* Post *intimates the Americans were working with Lebanese intelligence agents associated with President Gemayel or the Phalange party. The newspaper reported that on 8 March, six weeks after the attack on Saad in Sidon, the CIA's Lebanese cutouts went on a 'runaway mission', and detonated a car bomb in Beirut, aiming to kill Mohammed Hussein Fadlallah, leader of the Shi'ite party, Hezbollah. He survived, but more than 80 others were killed. After that Reagan Administration officials claim to have cancelled their role in the assassination scheme.* □

POLAND

NEW LAWS TO SILENCE DISSENT

Tony Paterson on the latest attack on Solidarity

Warsaw

POLAND'S ZOMO riot police use rubber truncheons filled with lead to beat up demonstrators like the thousands who attended rallies in support of the outlawed Solidarity union last may day. Like the policies pursued by General Wojciech Jaruzelski's government these weapons are deceptively soft on the outside but hard and unbending at the core.

Ten months after declaring an official amnesty for political prisoners that released most of the Solidarity leadership jailed during the 1981-83 martial law period, the veneer of apparently 'soft' leadership in Poland is wearing thin. It is being replaced by a new 'get tough' policy aimed at silencing regime critics in all walks of life.

Recent jailings of leading Solidarity activists, new sweeping legislation greatly increasing police and court powers, and moves to root out opposition in universities and schools show that the authorities are mounting a fresh offensive to achieve what is euphemistically called 'normalization' of society. The most recent victims of the 'get tough' policy are Jacek Kuron, founder of the now disbanded Workers' Committee for Self-defence (KOR) who acted as a prominent adviser to Solidarity, and Seweryn Jaworksi, deputy chair of Solidarity in Warsaw.

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Both men were singled out, arrested and jailed for three months each by a summary court on charges of leading a 15,000-strong May Day demonstration in Warsaw in support of Solidarity. The arbitrary and dubious way in which summary courts can operate was illustrated when the magistrate imprisoned Kuron on the basis of a report by the US backed Radio Free Europe which is detested by the regime. The report said Kuron led the protest.

While Solidarity founder Lech Walesa remains ostensibly at liberty but banned from leaving his home town of Gdansk without police permission, his former deputy Andrzej Gwiazda was jailed by a summary court in February on similar charges of leading a demonstration in support of Solidarity. The authorities also used the summary courts procedure to jail underground Solidarity leader Bogdan Lis, KOR founder Adam Michnik and Wroclaw Solidarity leader Wladyslaw Frasynuik for holding a meeting to discuss calling a 15-minute general strike to protest against food price increases. They are shortly to stand trial on charges of inciting public unrest which carries a maximum five-year jail term.

IN AN ATTEMPT to crush the lower ranks of Solidarity activists and supporters, the authorities — using the pretext of an increase in ordinary crime — have followed up moves against the union's leaders with sweeping new legislation that vastly increases the powers of summary courts and police and makes it an offence merely to take part in 'illegal' demonstrations. The legislation comes into force in July this year when the government plans to introduce unpopular 10 to 15 per cent meat price increases and in time for August anniversaries of the founding of Solidarity in 1980 which in the past have been accompanied by anti-government demonstrations.

Summary misdemeanour courts were previously able to operate only on a district by district basis for a limited period and were empowered to pass maximum sentences of three months. Under the new legislation, they will be able to operate throughout the country all the time and their sentencing power is increased to two years. The new laws also stipulate that 'providing the culprit is caught red handed' a magistrate can sentence an offender on evidence provided by police alone and is not obliged to hear evidence from a defence witness. Introducing the new legislation in the Polish parliament, Antoni Powoniek stressed that this provision would 'relieve witnesses of time-consuming procedures and cut social costs'.

The legislation broadens the offence of 'hooliganism' to include taking part or calling for any illegal demonstration and carries a maximum two-year jail term. Previously it was not an offence to participate in illegal demonstrations, only leading protests and disobeying police orders to disperse constituted an offence. In an apparent attempt to end the display of familiar Solidarity banners or placards, the new laws ban the distribution of underground posters and showing placards without permission from the authorities.

Effectively the new laws empower police to round up all those participating in illegal anti-government demonstrations and those displaying illegal banners. Summary courts operating countrywide will then have the authority to jail them for a maximum of two years within 48 hours of their arrest, making the chances of organizing an effective defence limited to say the least.

The authorities have also started a campaign to root out centres of opposition in Poland's universities and schools which continue to maintain some of the freedom and independence won during the Solidarity era. One of their most recent victims is Professor Bronislaw Geremek who was sacked from his post at the Polish Academy of Sciences last month. Geremek was a member of Solidarity's national commission and acted as a senior advisor to the union. The government justified his sacking on the grounds that his activities were not commensurate with someone holding a post in a State institution.

His sacking comes as the ruling Polish United Worker's Party is engaged in discussion on the whole question of what is called the 'intellegentsia' which is almost certain to result in new legislation curbing the hitherto precious autonomy of universities and scientific institutions. Schools are also a target. One teacher told me last week that his headmaster was preparing reports on his colleagues who were being 'evaluated' on a points sytem. The reports, he said, were being submitted to the Party for inspection. □

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LETTERS

Homes for fit heroes

Dave Wheeler, Socialist Environment and Resources Association, London W1

Robert Sharpe provides an excellent restatement of the importance of public health measures in controlling infectious disease in comparison with the contribution of animal-tested drugs (*NS* 10 May). However, he misses the point slightly when he describes John Snow's contribution to scientific understanding of the spread of cholera in the mid-19th century.

Snow proved the water-borne source theory by epidemiological investigation (not by the removal of a water-pump handle in Broad Street — the epidemic in that area had already subsided at the time). But what really disturbed the authorities was Snow's revolutionary conclusion that the spread of cholera was greatly exacerbated by poor housing and urban deprivation.

As a result, Snow's views were rubbished and described as 'reactionary' by the Sanitationists whose own theories owed more to mysticism than science. Chief among these social engineers was the instigator of work-houses, the Norman Tebbit-like Edwin Chadwick. His principal fears were public agitation, Chartism and the nascent trade unions.

The legacy of Chadwick (ironically, he still enjoys the title of the Father of Public Health) was to begin the process by which housing today is almost entirely divorced from its public health significance by local and national authorities.

People in Britain's inner cities know that damp, cold, noisy, insanitary and dangerous housing must be one of the greatest contributors to misery and ill health *including infectious disease* today. Those tenants groups who have successfully demonstrated this point have had spectacular victories: the Church Street Estate Action Group in Bootle recently secured a promise of £6 million for new building work in their area. Similar successes have been achieved in Bradford and Belfast.

As the Labour Party heralds its new housing policy and continues to formulate its health policies, it would do well to note these successes and the reasons for them. It should also make the link between housing *quality* and public health. Above all it should support and involve those groups who understand their own situation and needs in the planning and execution of new housing projects.

Background reading

Francis Mulhern, London N4

Paul Gilroy (Letters 19 April) denies that he wants to restrict discussion of black writing. Why then did his first letter (29 March) bury not only my article (22 March) but even its own point in a heap of abuse? The discernible function of that letter was to intimidate — and, as I have discovered, to mislead readers who had not seen the article.

My article was concerned with women writers. I began with the plain admission that it was selective in range and perhaps over-bold in its conclusions. Opening the passage on Alice Walker I referred to the 'significantly different' tradition of black writing, and added that a full account of her work would strike different emphases from mine. In sum, I disclaimed any special authority or privilege for what I wrote.

But this was not enough. Gilroy offered me 'background reading' — Michèle Barrett's phrase (Letters 12 April) is perfectly apt, for what else is a bald list of nine authors? And now, even as he disavows all restrictionist intent, he states that 'the Barretts and Mulherns of this world' are 'unable' to acknowledge the black literary tradition. *Unable:* there is some fatality that makes it impossible for us to reach a valid judgement in this matter . . .

Michèle Barrett is right. Whatever he may intend, Gilroy's arguments are not free of the police mentality. His very phrasing, which casually extends my supposed guilt to her and thence to our unnumbered clones, suggests a mass round-up. I wish he would think again. All of us on the Left, except when actually delegated, speak in our own names. That is our responsibility and our risk, but it is also our right. If that right is weakened, discourse on the Left will degenerate into a clamour of competing particularisms heedless of any rational check. None of us should want that.

Cora Kaplan (Feedback 26 April), in welcome contrast, makes serious substantive objections to my article. In the space available here I can make only one general point. Kaplan is right to emphasize the importance of historical analysis of women's political writing. But she is mistaken in assuming that the article was an attempt to undertake it. My remarks about Walker, Piercy and Le Guin were made in illustration of a general thesis about one structural characteristic of contemporary left culture. Any such thesis is by nature 'abstract' in relation to any 'concrete' historical situation, which is a specific *combination* of structures. But that is merely the difference between theoretical and historical kinds of argument, and neither is invalidated by it.

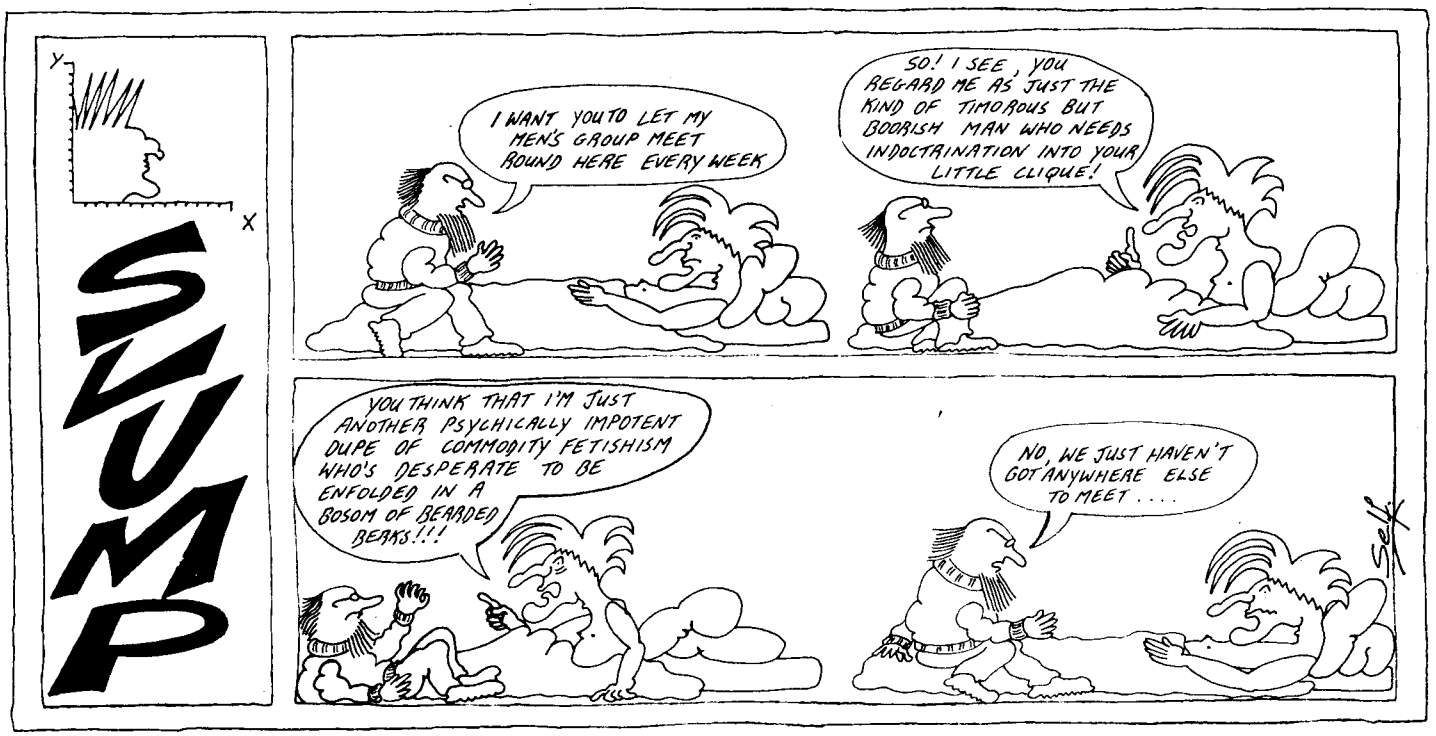
1986 rates campaign launched

Hugh Bayley, Councillor, London Borough of Camden

Christian Wolmar's hard-headed assessment of the ratecapping campaign (*NS* 10 May) will inevitably draw criticism from sections of the London Left. This is simply because it is too close to the mark for comfort.

In normal times rates are set at council meetings early in March. Since that time this year one ratecapped council a week, on average, has succumbed to pressure and abandoned the 'no rate' tactic. Each Labour defeat has, of course been heralded as a Tory victory. On the current showing the government has no need at all to court unpopularity by relying on the District Auditor's draconian powers of surcharge and disqualification from office. Patrick Jenkin knows that he need only bide his time because within a few weeks all the remaining ratecapped councils will have set a rate. Christian Wolmar is right, the 'no rate' tactic is now dead. Where I disagree is with his pessimism for the future.

The principal objective of the campaign was the defence of services and jobs. All but two councils


Y
X
SUMP
I WANT YOU TO LET MY MEN'S GROUP MEET ROUND HERE EVERY WEEK
SO! I SEE, YOU REGARD ME AS JUST THE KIND OF TIMOROUS BUT BOORISH MAN WHO NEEDS INDOCTRINATION INTO YOUR LITTLE CLIQUE!
YOU THINK THAT I'M JUST ANOTHER PSYCHICALLY IMPOTENT DUPE OF COMMODITY FETISHISM WHO'S DESPERATE TO BE ENFOLDED IN A BOSOM OF BEARDED BEARS!!!
NO, WE JUST HAVEN'T GOT ANYWHERE ELSE TO MEET . . . .

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are now known publicly to have found ways of doing this within the ratecap ceiling.

Changing our response to 'creative accounting' or 'deficit budgeting' will be a disappointment to councillors, council staff, voluntary bodies and all the organisations and individuals who have backed the campaign. All of us had hoped to win concessions from the government this year. But will the disappointment, as Christian Wolmar implies, demoralise the campaign out of existence? I doubt it.

The ratecapped councils have won the propaganda battle. There is wide opposition to government intervention in local affairs. We all knew at the outset that the threat of ratecapping would be with us for more than a single year.

Ratecapping has had little or no effect on council spending generally. To avoid the charge that ratecapping is just a manoeuvre to penalise hand-picked left Labour councils the government will be forced to extend the 'hit list' and the legal timetable requires next year's list to be published in July this year.

Once again campaigning will have to start early, but next year the government will find it harder to stonewall.

- It will be dealing with a larger number of councils.
- All the London councils, and many elsewhere, face elections in May 1986. The Tories will not want to repeat their dismal performance in the county council elections and will be unable to appear to be attacking local government.
- The government itself will be starting the run up to a general election.
- The government will still be trying to pass at least some powers from the metropolitan counties and the GLC to districts and the London boroughs.

It should be no surprise that there will be some who want to exploit this year's mistakes to stop the campaign in its tracks. It is only if we accept their argument, and fail to build a stronger base next year, that we will fall into their trap.

Hilda Murrell: proving the rule

Judith Cook, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall

It is an axiom that there is no such thing as a bad review, any mention being preferable to none, and it is also a convention than an author does not write directly to a paper to complain about one.

There are exceptions to all rules, however, and here I think is one. In October last year Pluto Press published a thriller of mine, *The Waste Remains*, which, in the normal course of events would have been reviewed, if at all, among its companions in the same genre. Of a sudden, this is noticed (*NS* 3 May) alongside a general book I have subsequently had published called *The Price of Freedom*, a book taking in the whole spectrum of a diffuse subject on how secrecy affects our daily lives. It was specifically commissioned for people who have little or no knowledge on the subject as a general introduction — a fact I made clear in my introduction where I also emphasized I would not be dealing with defence matters.

Independently of these two books, I am a freelance journalist who took up the story of the murder of Hilda Murrell — the subject of a book included in the same review — and through the columns of this paper was able to break the story of the questions surrounding the murder to the public nationally.

What am I to make, therefore, of these two books of mine being adversely reviewed in the same column and both damned by a fellow contributor to your paper? I shall not particularise but it is sufficient to say that your reviewer was able to discredit my reports to your paper by jumbling together a work of fiction, normally outside his sphere of interest, and a topical book on a factual matter that can stand on its own and has even won praise from an honourable and concerned ex-civil servant such as Sir Patrick Nairn who said when discussing the need for a

Cont'd on p.28

FEEDBACK

Funding the BBC

FOR THE LAST two weeks, the *NS* has carried articles displaying the haziness of thought on the Left about funding broadcasting. Both were provoked by the 'amazing spectacle' (John Ellis, *10* May) of David Graham and myself 'attacking the BBC' (Michael Leapman, 3 May) at an Adam Smith Institute conference. But our attack was on the way broadcasting is funded and regulated, not on the BBC.

'Tories woo Channel Four pinkos' sums up the false analysis. In fact, the traffic has all been the other way, as I have spent much of the last seven years trying to persuade the Tories of the virtues of greater plurality in broadcasting. All credit to them for abandoning their pre-1979 election commitment to an ITV-2, and adopting the form of Channel Four we currently have. If Labour had won the 1979 election, the OBA (Open Broadcasting Authority) model would have been implemented, and Channel Four would have undoubtedly collapsed by now.

But then, Labour has mismanaged practically every broadcasting question since the war: the creation of ITV, the Pilkington proposals for reforming ITV, political appointees for the BBC governors, the fourth Channel, the licence fee itself, cable and satellite. Labour remains committed to the regulatory system, apparently unaware that the system underpins the repeated acts of censorship the Left so noisily condemns.

Only in the light of this history of muddled thinking and knee-jerk reactions to the idea of deregulation could my proposals to convert the licence fee into a subscription system, and loosen the regulation of broadcasting, be described as either 'anti-Left' or 'anti-BBC'. It is increasingly obvious that the licence fee system is both socially regressive and a source of instability for the BBC. There is no socialist virtue in forcing people to pay for a broadcasting service rather than allowing them to choose whether or not to pay for it; in imposing a flat fee on all families, irrespective of ability to pay; in operating an expensive and ineffective collection system which allows 2 million licence evaders to profit at the expense of the poor and honest.

For the BBC, the licence system worked as long as the income from a given licence level was geared upwards by the continuing spread of licence-holding, in particular colour licence-holding. Both those processes have now run out of steam. The licence has to bear the full burden of rising operating costs. Licence increases are now more frequent (from £12 to £58 in six steps in ten years) and more politically contentious than in the past. A subscription system — based on consumers buying decoder keys to unscramble BBC transmissions — would restore that gearing, by eliminating evasion and forcing multi-set owners to pay their fair share of BBC costs.

I find it puzzling that to propose transition from a compulsory, inefficient, inequitable funding of the BBC to a voluntary, efficient and equitable system should be viewed with such antipathy by the Left. There is, of course, the question of whether the BBC could attract sufficient income from a subscription system. I believe it would: but if not, are socialists really saying that it is better to *force* people to pay for a broadcasting system they otherwise might *choose* to do without?

Secondly, why is deregulation such a boo-word on the Left? Any libertarian must surely applaud the elimination of censorship by politically-appointed regulators, and the opening up of new television channels, not bound by the structures that have so inhibited broadcasting in the past. Apparently, not so. Why is it assumed that, were Lord Thomson and Stuart Young to be given their cards, 30,000 television workers would immediately abandon their lifelong endeavours to produce, to the best of their ability, a wide range of programmes? Because many on the Left are afraid of television turning into Fleet Street, fragmented and hostile.

Better, so the argument goes, to restrict broadcasting and keep it on a tight political rein, than to risk losing the opportunity both to address the whole population and to discipline broadcasters who stray too far from the path of neutrality. Political self-interest prevails over freedom of speech: and progressive deregulation is denounced, not honestly in terms of political control, but speciously in terms of quality.

And who defines quality? It is routinely asserted — vide the nauseatingly self-serving final edition of Granada's 'Television' series — that foreign television is 'worse' (in unspecified ways) than our own; that British audiences will prefer 'worse' foreign programmes to 'better' British ones; and that freedom to choose the 'worse' should therefore be denied. But do we exclude foreign films, books, magazines, records, plays, operas and pop groups on such grounds? If our television *is* the best in the world, why be so afraid of choice? Or are we simply too mealy-mouthed to admit that 'best' is often just a euphemism for 'middle-class'. The streak of cultural elitism that runs right through the defence of the regulatory system is rarely acknowledged.

In the name of that elitism, we are asked to believe that our high-cost, high- 'quality', controlled, privileged and regulated broadcasting system is dependent on the separation of sources of revenue: advertising for ITV, licence fee for the BBC. Even switching the BBC to subscription — which does not threaten the 'principle' of separation — is viewed with suspicion. Viewers' choice — like competition, foreigners and non-middle-class definitions of culture — is to be kept at bay.

John Ellis asks: where is my cultural policy for broadcasting? As it happens, the proposal for subscription funding for the BBC is designed to strengthen the Corporation financially, break the grip the licence system gives Westminster and find for the BBC a funding basis which is socially progressive *and* geared to the offering of the widest range of programmes (so as to attract the broadest number of subscribers). Enough to be going on with: meanwhile, where is the *Left*'s broadcasting policy — cultural or otherwise?

David Elstein

David Elstein is Executive Producer of Channel Four's A Week in Politics.

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OPENING THE COLD FRONT

Camera Press

After VE-Day and Hiroshima came the Marshall Plan for rebuilding Western Europe. And then there was the Cold War. ANDREW GLYN looks at the politics of economic recovery and how far they could be applied to today's economic stagnation

IN SEPTEMBER 1945, the *Economist* offered a dire prediction for Europe: 'The poor urban populations of Europe, perhaps a quarter of its 400 millions, are condemned to go hungry this winter. Some of them will starve.' Six years of fighting, death and sacrifice were to be followed, it seemed, by yet more years of struggle, entailing more death and sacrifice caused by the devasatation of the war.

Yet by the early 1950s the boom was in full swing. In Britain alone more than three million new jobs had been created. The conventional interpretation of this new prosperity was that Marshall Aid, the grants donated by the USA for capital investment, played a crucial role in dragging Western Europe out of chaos. If this is correct, cannot a new Marshall Plan be formulated to pull Western Europe out of its current stagnation, its mass unemployment and crumbling infrastructure?

Yet the belief that World War II turned the European economies into piles of rubble is the first myth about its economic aftermath. While there was terrible destruction of housing, war damage to factories was less than newsreels suggested. In both Britain and Italy the stock of capital equipment was about the same as before the war. In Germany, the rate of investment was so intense in the early years of the war that, despite the bombing, the stock of capital equipment ended up in 1945 some 20 per cent higher than in 1938!

Hamburg 1945: after the bombing . . .

Production was very low — at the beginning of 1946 it was still less than 70 per cent of pre-war. But this was primarily because of particular bottlenecks. The most dramatic was in transport. Less than 10 per cent of German railways were operational at the end of the war. But just as these bottlenecks had been deliberately created by bombardment, experience was to show that they could be just as deliberately unblocked by concentrated effort.

The fundamental crisis at the end of the war was social and political. On the continent the capitalist class had been thoroughly discredited by its collaboration with fascism. In most countries the employers were neither in firm control of

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governments in the capital cities, nor of workers on the shop floor. The pressure for social and economic change was summed up by the *Economist*:

> The collapse of [Hitler's] New Order imparted a great revolutionary momentum to Europe. It stimulated all the vague and confused but nevertheless radical and socialist impulses of the masses. Significantly every programme with which the various Resistance groups throughout Europe emerged from the Underground contained demands for nationalisation of banks and large-scale industries; and these programmes bore the signatures of Christian Democrats as well as of Socialists and Communists. (*1 December 1945*).

In Britain as well this mood was reflected in Labour's landslide victory.

By early 1947, however, it seemed that the process of recovery was proceeding very successfully. True, in Germany, production was deliberately held down by the occupying powers, determined to prevent a revival of industrial competition and military strength. Elsewhere, however, industrial output had practically regained its prewar level. So what exactly spurred the alarming reports of a stalled industrial recovery and a 'feeling of helplessness and frustration which reduced and undermined government authority'? These reports led to the announcement by US Secretary of State George C. Marshall of a programme of aid for Europe.

Superficially the immediate problem in Western Europe was lack of dollars. Production in the United States had risen by one half during the war, and it was inevitably the main source of materials and machinery needed to sustain Europe's recovery. Europe's exports were quite inadequate to pay for these imports and the United States had been financing Europe's deficit by giving around $5 billion per year worth of assistance, mostly in the form of government loans.

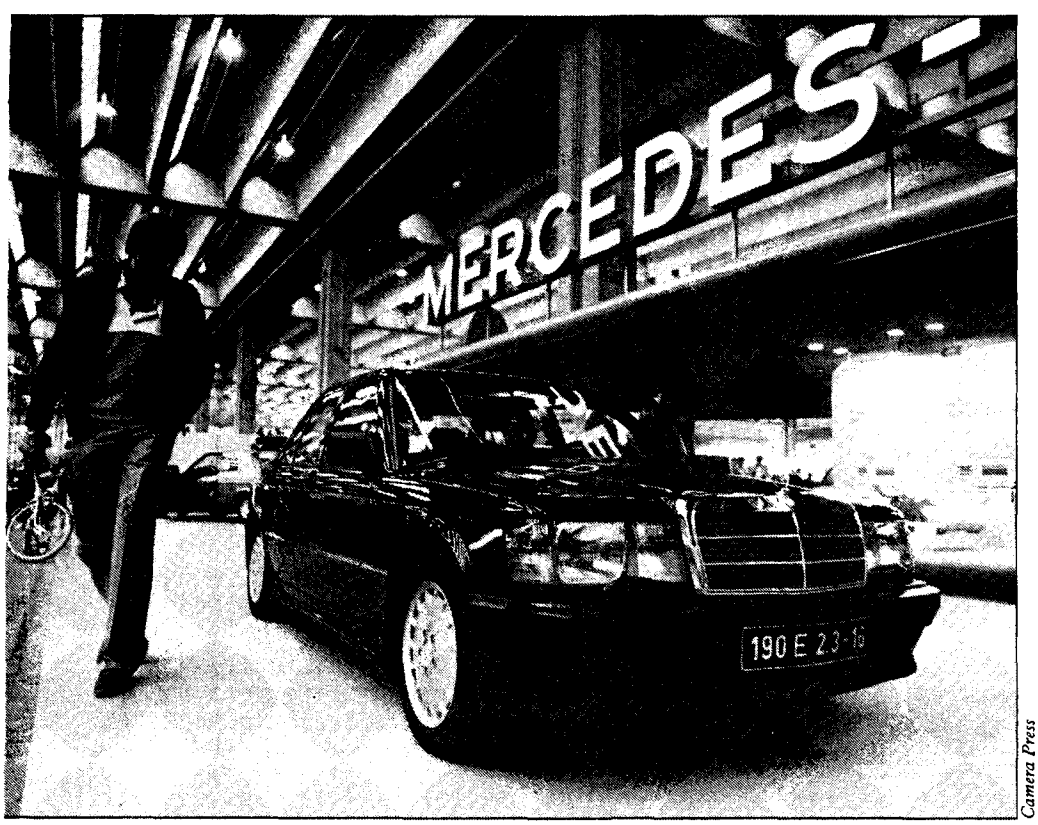
But these loans were running out and there was little prospect that more would be given. If the momentum of recovery was to be maintained a continuing flow of dollars had to be provided. This was precisely what Marshall Aid did. $13 billion over four years was given, in the form of outright grants and without the harsh and unrealistic conditions aimed at eliminating controls on imports of US goods which the earlier loans had imposed.

WHAT WOULD have happened without Marshall Aid? US rhetoric at the time linked Marshall Aid to the 'communist threat'. Indeed the Marshall Plan came only weeks after President Truman had announced his famous doctrine that the United States must support 'free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or outside pressure'. The Marshall Plan was dubbed by one US official 'a Truman Doctrine in action.'

But the Cold War notion that the communist parties in Western Europe were poised to launch a revolutionary seizure of power is completely false. In wartime discussions with Churchill, Stalin had accepted that Western Europe was outside the USSR's sphere of influence. The communist parties obediently followed his Popular Front strategy. They participated in coalition governments with capitalist parties and they pressed for anti-fascist democratisation and national (not socialist) economic reconstruction.

On the shop floor, therefore, the workers' leaders held back the rank and file from using their greatly enhanced strength. Maurice Thorez, the leader of the French Communist Party (PCF), denounced strikes as a crime against the country. De Gaulle remarked of him that 'he never stopped giving the advice to workers to work as hard as possible whatever the cost'. Togliatti, the Italian Communist Party leader, proudly proclaimed that 'it is the working class and the unions who are giving the best example and are taking all the necessary steps to preserve the discipline of production and social peace'. In Britain, the Communist Party opposed strikes in, at least, the mines.

Yet the pressure was building up. Workers' wages were still far below pre-war levels on the continent and were being eroded by rapid inflation. Profits were high and measures against black marketeering ineffective. It was clear in France that the leadership would be forced, for fear of forfeiting their position, to lead workers' struggles. In April 1947 a strike wave broke out at Renault against PCF opposition, but it spread so rapidly that the PCF was obliged to choose between its position in the trade unions or its position in the government.



Camera Press

. . .Frankfurt 1985: after the 'economic miracle'

THUS THE REAL problem in Europe was not shortgage of dollars, but a weakness of capitalist control. While this was initially felt most fundamentally on the factory floor, it threatened to spill over into the political arena. What was required, said George Kennan, a senior US official, were 'stringent measures of social and financial discipline.'

This is precisely what was administered after the Marshall Plan was anounced. The years of Marshall Aid did *not* see an acceleration in the growth of production and investment, other than in West Germany where the Western powers reversed their earlier policy of holding production back. There was *not* massive increase in the imports from the US — they actually fell. There was, however, a very sharp rise in productivity — 42 per cent in Western Europe in the four years after 1947 as the employers launched an onslaught on the trade unions and their control on the shop floor. This was backed up by sharply deflationary policies — cuts in welfare spending and budget deficits combined with credit squeezes. An important part of the employers' campaign was to split the trade union movement and

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this was facilitated by the campaigns against the Soviet Union and thus against the communist parties of the Cold War.

In November 1948 the *Economist* reported on how 'Italian employers are now making serious efforts to reduce their staffs to reasonable proportions for the work in hand.' The title of the article was symbolic: 'Cold War in Italian Industry'. In France a young socialist minister named Mitterrand was prominent in securing a decisive defeat for the PCF-led miners' union, during which family allowances to strikers were cut and troops sent into mining areas. In West Germany after the monetary reform, deflationary policies were introduced in the autumn of 1948 and unemployment climbed to 11 per cent. In Britain too the government cut back on public spending and introduced a wage freeze.

The real signficance of the Marshall Plan, therefore, was not in the dollars it provided, though these were absolutely necessary as transitional financing whilst Europe's exports recovered. Rather it was the wholehearted US support for the employers' project of restoring 'social and financial discipline' by a decisive defeat of the labour movement, conducted through economic measures as well as politics and ideology.

This puts any call for a new Marshall Plan in a rather different light. It is perfectly true now, as in 1947, that expansion in Europe would find an obstacle in the balance of payments (as Mitterrand's government has discovered). It is also and most significantly true now, as in 1947, that shortage of dollars is not the fundamental problem. Even the most competitive countries (West Germany for example) have been pursuing deflationary policies for internal reasons. That is, they fear that any sustained expansion would begin to tilt back the balance of power towards workers. 'Social and financial' discipline broke down again in the early seventies and employers of Europe have been struggling to restore it, backed up by the same deflationary policies used in the late forties.

At that time the UK escaped the worst of the right-wing backlash. Cushioned by the Empire, and the moderation of trade union leaders, the employers were never forced into an all-out confrontation with labour. The subsequent decline of the position of British capital has since been so profound, however, that not even the bonus of North Sea oil could prevent the UK being in the vanguard of reaction this time around.

Today the position of the employers of Western Europe is less favourable to their attempt to weaken decisively the power of labour than it it was in the late forties. For a start the United States is now in a far less dominating position in the capitalist world. It has an enormous payments deficit and is in no position to grant aid to Western Europe on the scale required to sweeten the pill of harsher labour discipline. Part of the energies of capitalist governments are devoted to fighting one another (protectionism) and the possibility of any kind of co-ordinated strategy is minimal (witness the long running of annual economic summits).

Then the 'Communist Card' can be played with much less effect. The communist parties have lost influence, or distanced themselves from Moscow. Attempts by the United States to make up for its reduced economic strength by marshalling its allies into a second Cold War have rebounded. Even Margaret Thatcher took to likening Arthur Scargill to General Galtieri rather than Mr Chernenko.

Lastly, organised labour has faced this crisis after emerging from 25 years of the boom, rather than from the pulverising effects of fascism. Industrial expansion after the war reduced the numbers of peasants and self-employed people. Unionism has spread among white collar and public sector workers. Cuts in real wages and increases in productivity have been quite insufficient to restore profitability to the levels secured in the late forties. Governments have found it extremely difficult to do more than whittle away at the edges of the public services and welfare benefits achieved during the boom. German metal workers, Danish workers and British miners have all recently shown that the class struggles of the late sixties were no flash in the pan, easily snuffed out by a dose of austerity.

Of course the crisis has also shown the limitations of industrial struggle against unemployment. At the same time it has rendered unworkable the consensus economic policies which were the boom's legacy to the labour movement. The present situation, then, is one of stalemate. Labour has proved unable to take the situation forward, while the employers are unable to roll back sufficient of the gains of the fifties and sixties to launch a sustainable upswing on their terms. This is despite their single-minded pursuit of the very same policies of deflation and assaults on organised labour which was the real meaning of the Marshall Plan. □

Andrew Glyn is co-author, with Philip Armstrong and John Harrison, of Capitalism Since World War II *published recently by Fontana.*

LETTERS

Cont'd from p.25

Freedom of Information Act: 'That is what the campaigners must achieve. They cannot have counted upon such a powerful campaign document as Judith Cook's *The Price of Freedom* nor have hoped for such a bonus as the trial and acquittal of Clive Ponting.'

Schools strike and who struck

R. Hadfield, Headteacher, The Bulmershe School, Woodley, Berks.

The article by Anita Bennett and Paul Andersen (*NS* 3 May), contains a factual error. It states that on 25 April, when the pupils' strike took place, 41 boys from Bulmershe School went to Southlands Girls' School to distribute leaflets, and that subsequently the boys were detained in Reading Police Station.

Firstly, Bulmershe is outside Reading and is not in Whitley. Secondly, none of our boys were concerned in the incident and no pupil at this school was detained by the Reading Police.

NUPE and women

Bob Thomson, Assistant Divisional Officer, NUPE, Edinburgh

I refer to your inaccurate and biased report of NUPE officials' attitudes to equal opportunities policies (*NS* 10 May). It is wrong and offensive to myself and other Scottish officers of NUPE to suggest that we are opposed to increasing women's role in NUPE — the opposite is the case and the facts speak for themselves. In Scotland we set up one of the first women's committees which grows in strength and activity all the time. Incidentally we set up the first youth committee, as young people are also discriminated against. I have campaigned in NUPE and the Labour Party for the establishment of Equal Opportunities Committees by Labour local authorities where many of our women members are employed.

Your article misrepresents our case. Our complaint, which is supported by other NUPE officers throughout Britain, is that the members were not given the opportunity to discuss and vote on the Equal Opportunities claim. It is not correct that a draft was circulated to branches from January. The issue is one of democracy and the right to consultation. We are processing our complaint through the procedures laid down in the rules of our trade union. I suggest this is a better forum than the columns of the *New Statesman.*

Automated offices

Lucie Hill, 27 Swinton Street, London WC1X 9NW

I am researching a TV programme to investigate the ways in which office automation is changing people's jobs.

I am interested in hearing from people who have found their working lives changed — for good or bad — by the introduction of new technology into their office. The programme will look at every area of office work, including secretarial and clerical workers, managers and professionals. All replies will be treated in strictest confidence and should be sent to me at the address above.

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Earth's newest people

Andrew Lumsden

Out in the Open: People Talking about Being Gay or Bisexual
STEPHANIE NORRIS and EMMA READ
Pan £2.50
A Better Class of Blond: A Californian Diary
DAVID REES *Olive Press* £7.95 & £4.50
Pink Book 85
INTERNATIONAL GAY ASSOCIATION
distributed by *GMP* £4.95

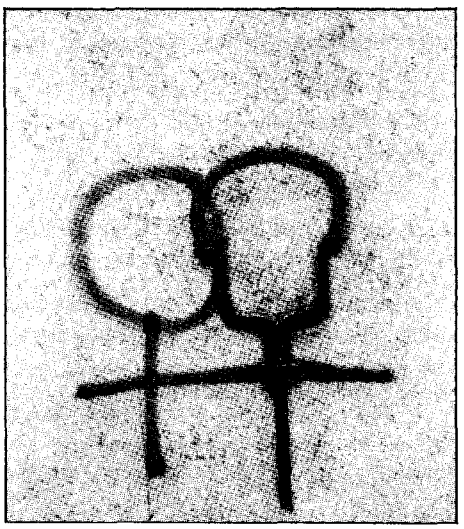
PERHAPS we shall yet be admitted to the UN. Who can calculate when disparate wanderers and settlements suddenly — it always seems to be sudden — possess cohesion enough in their own and other people's eyes to be 'a people'? It's possible that a new thing is making on the earth: a diaspora which never lost and will never seek a home territory; which has its increasingly open representatives in every ethnic and national condition without any exception whatsoever; which isn't bound by any religion though its populations are regenerated, like those of the religious orders, almost entirely without physical reproduction by the members of any one generation.

I mean of course that proto-people who are the offspring of fleeting heterosexual pleasures and prolonged heterosexual nurturing (generally), who in ever-increasing numbers and areas of the globe have taken to calling ourselves lesbian or gay. The nominal start, the Bastille Day, 1066, Boston tea-party, 1917, was 27 June 1969 when New Yorkers rioted against the cruel interference of police in bars used by homosexuals. We shall be commemorating the event in most capitals of the West including London next month, as usual. For all that I or anyone knows some new wave of young dykes and faggots may jettison 'lesbian' and 'gay' almost as rapidly as my own generation adopted the words — most probably will do so if the terms get co-opted by too much pursuit of respectability by either Left or Right — but, even if today's terms die, I can't believe that anything less than a post-holocaust destruction of global communications systems will undo our quite new sense of identity. And a holocaust would be unfortunate on other grounds. . . .

In **Out**, which was definitely drawing young buyers in London on publication in early May, Stephanie Norris and Emma Read allow pseudonymous women and men to tell true stories, out of the British experience, of the struggles people have gone through both pre- and post-1969 to 'become', or sometimes to refuse to become, lesbian or gay. Some 'become' that person uncomfortable to absolutely everybody, 'a bisexual'. Here, *double entendre* intentional, is bedrock: *coming out*. Except for the uncounted numbers who fail, who draw back at the last, these are tales of affirmation, of consent. *Civis Romanus/ Romana sum* — or, tragically, *non sum*.

The Norris/Read book is, so to speak, a beginner's manual, familiar ground to those fortunate enough already to have explored their desires and become happy, within the limits of the universal human comedy. David Rees is one such member of the advanced class. In — just so — **A Better Class of Blond** we learn, as we once used to in consciousness-raising sessions, or may still do from a whisper in the ear in a pub, exactly what this person most likes to do in bed and how what he likes most has altered over the years. The book is a selective narrative of his 1982-3 academic year as distinguished visiting author/teacher at a California university. We aren't troubled with what the university was like, or with many of the downers of his year, other than an acute hospitalisation; nor much with the great beast AIDS slouching towards everyone.

It's a paean of joy about achieved 'outness', the up-side in the most 'up' of all the congregations of the diaspora, 'the Coast'. Music, flowers, gentrified houses, men ('male males') and 'California' — defined both as the state itself and as 'most of Nevada and Utah, and something of Arizona' as well. The Happy Isles, the Isles of the Blest, Avalon. The 'blonds' of the title, like 'California', are both



Sisters in arms: graffito from *Pink Book 85*

real and a metaphor. The best of the 'blonds' to come British West Countryperson David Rees's way is Vietnamese, 'an olive-skinned man with jet black hair'. And he describes how a friend once told him when depressed to 'think blond'. If no one is to tell of their happiness till we're all happy, humanity may as well die now and be done with it: when I compare this with my dim memories of *Some Boys*, that earlier 'celebration', the 1930s-50s recollections of an *Observer* foreign correspondent, I could fall on my knees with gratitude if the gesture might not be misinterpreted for the 'outness' now possible in just a few trades and locations.

Shudder at Cuba: 'All [homosexuals] want to go to California, the most important residence of Ronald Reagan and a paradise for the "sissies" who not only have great economic power, but substantial political power. . .' — *Bohemia* magazine, Havana, August 1980. The **Pink Book '85**, financed by the Dutch government and published by the Netherlands national lesbian/gay organisation on behalf of the IGA (International Association of Lesbians/Gay Women & Gay Men — the very name shows with what difficulties we evolve), cites that Cuban assertion. The *Pink Book* is 192 pp: essays on Cuba, the GDR and the USSR; Israel; Iceland, Norway, Finland and Sweden; West Germany and Austria; and on the lesbian/gay position in international law — in international outlaw would be a terser phrase. 45 pp on the legal/social position in a further 88 countries. Two world maps, seeking to show something of the broad global pattern of antagonism to us draft-evaders from the conscripted war of the sexes; us conscientious objectors to the monstrous political regimentations of heterosexism. . . .

As they say on *Radio 3* record review, this I believe is *the* choice for your library. Forget the endearing stray wonkinesses of translation. Rarely in so slight a volume — a second is now in preparation in Holland — can there have been such a demonstration of the propensity of the *clercs* (theologians, lawyers, upper civil servants, revolutionaries, of every dye) to *trahison* (the worship of vested force). It is a devastating indictment, though measured and quiet in tone throughout, of barbarism. And history tells us that most emergent peoples first define themselves according to their fear of surrounding barbarians. We have cause enough, heaven knows. □

Selling news

Michael Leapman

The Price of Truth: The Story of the Reuters Millions
JOHN LAWRENSON and LIONEL BARBER
Mainstream £9.95

IT IS NOT surprising that Reuters would not let these two authors loose in their archives, given the murky nature of what they have discovered about Britain's international news agency from other sources. The lack of access means that their tale of greed and corruption is told sketchily, but it remains worth the telling.

The flotation of Reuters was the second most spectacular event in the stock market last year, after the British Telecom bonanza. The owners of the shares, mostly newspaper proprietors, suddenly found themselves millions of pounds richer as a result of a high value being put on holdings they had previously regarded as nearly worthless. Some cashed in: others, notably the canny Rupert Murdoch, held on to the shares as assets to borrow against.

Should the flotation have been allowed? The authors appear to think not. They make much of a campaign against it inspired by Sir Christopher Chancellor, who ran Reuters during and after the Second World War. He argued that the flotation violated the terms of the Trust he had helped establish in 1941, to ensure the agency's independence and integrity. The subsequent controversy was diverting for a while, but it never stood a chance

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of dimming the glint of gold in the press barons' eyes — partly because some of those very barons were themselves among the trustees.

Students of recent British media history know that, even without such blatant conflict of interest, trusts seldom prove reliable defences against predators determined to lay their hands on the property supposedly being protected, especially if the owners of that property want the violators to have their way. It is as though a medieval crusader were to secure his wayward wife in a chastity belt and entrust the key to her. If as proper a maiden as *The Times* could scarcely wait to unlock and spread herself before the rude blandishments of Murdoch, what chance did Reuters have of remaining chaste when subjected to the seductive powers of the Fleet Street proprietors *en masse*?

As Lawrenson and Barber show, the lady had a lurid past in any case. Since before the war she had been selling herself secretly (and rather cheaply) to the Government. Only when her shame was discovered were the press barons persuaded reluctantly to come to her rescue.

Reuters' perennial problem has been that there is little money to be made selling straight news. Julius Reuter founded his agency in the middle of the last century to relay stock prices. Later it ventured into banking. When that collapsed and it confined itself to giving the news, the agency languished. In the late 1930s Sir Roderick Jones, its domineering managing director, approached the British Government for financial aid. He was given it; but in return had to agree that Reuters would help with Whitehall's propaganda effort.

When these secret arrangements became known to the other directors in 1941, Jones was made to resign. Chancellor succeeded him. Government subsidies were ended and the revenue replaced by allowing investments from the proprietors of the national press. (The provincial papers had shares already.) But the authors suggest that Reuters was still involved in suspect, quasi-official operations until long after the war, especially in the Middle East.

These embarrassing commitments were not at all compatible with the lofty ideals of independent reporting enshrined in the Trust arrangements. The reason these ideals are mostly unattainable is that people will pay an economic price only for news that they want very badly (e.g. secret intelligence) or that they can themselves make money out of (prices and exchange rates). Thoughtful and impartial appraisals of Cabinet changes in small African nations are not easily marketable. Gerald Long, who ran Reuters for much of the Sixties and Seventies, recognised this and led the agency into the lucrative and fast-developing field of business information. It began for the first time to make healthy profits.

Long is the tragic hero of this book. In December 1980, not long before the flotation plan was first mooted, he allowed himself to be lured away from Reuters to run Times Newspapers for Murdoch. He failed at that and and was soon replaced. A year later Reuters' senior directors decided to let themselves buy shares in the agency. The authors calculate that Long could have made some £5 million had he stayed on. As it was he did not share in the windfall largely brought about by his clever management.

When wealthy newspaper proprietors use an opportunistic manoeuvre to make themselves even richer, the spectacle is unattractive. Yet it is hard to agree with those who maintained that the public interest was threatened by the sale. The independent and factually reliable news service that Reuter provides is a worthy enough enterprise, but scarcely a pillar by which democracy stands or falls. (The French have a state-owned news agency, and who is to say they are less democratic than us?) The newspapers most people read in Britain do subscribe to Reuters, but use its stories highly selectively, as raw material for their inventiveness and prejudices. The news service has not so far been curtailed as a result of the flotation, and will stay intact as long as the financial side of the agency is profitable enough to fund it. That would have been true under the old ownership, too. □

Walking the edge

Nicci Gerrard

Gather Together in My Name
MAYA ANGELOU *Virago* £3.50

AUTOBIOGRAPHY can be stranger than fiction, more delightful in its telling and more inspiring in its tale. Maya Angelou's first volume of autobiography, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, was sheer delight. Its sassy, gritty, knock-kneed enchantment with the world in all its colours and its funny, marvelling evocation of childhood's shape, sound and smell burst through the cage of black woman's adversity. The book ended with 16-year-old Maya holding her newborn son in her arms, the world open and unsignposted before her — and readers wanting more.

In its sequel, *Gather Together in My Name*, Maya Angelou has lost none of her verve for life, and her almost physical enjoyment of the words that we chew and roll around in appreciation at their unpredictable prescience. But *Gather Together in My Name* is not simply more of the same. In spite of all the horrors encountered, the pellucid, spontaneous imagination of the younger Maya made the cage into a wide world of sunlight. The prison bars close in during adulthood: natural glee and the courage of hope press up against a difficult world and from their friction Angelou creates a more wisely exuberant self.

Angelou's love of life turns a catalogue of horror into a tale of gutsy survival. The book opens on the war's ending. After the first flush of victory, during which 'everybody had soft little preparation-to-smile smiles on their faces' and 'Race prejudice was dead', America re-erects old familiar boundaries. Maya herself is 17 — 'very old, embarrassingly young, with a son of two months' — and already intimate with a textured guilt, 'my familiar, my bedmate'. The end of the war is for her a time of shuddering self-doubt; a wide-eyed inconsolable gaze at the real world outside childhood.

She becomes a cook, content among the odorous vapours of onion, sweet pepper and garlic until she falls in love with a stunned abruptness. The transience of passion and pain at its absence sets up a pattern of impermanence in Maya's life. Travelling to Los Angeles she works in a nightclub and then drifts into managing a brothel. The sprightly hard-boiled tone is spiked by retrospective self-knowledge:

> I had managed in a few tense years to become a snob on all levels, racial, cultural, intellectual. I was a madam and thought myself morally superior to the whores. I was a waitress and believed myself cleverer than the customers I served. I was a lonely unmarried mother and held myself to be freer than the married women I met.

After a brief and discomforting visit to slow-speaking, right-thinking Arkansas of her childhood, Maya returns to California to cook in a greasy, dingy diner, knowing that the rancid cooking oil and the old men's sadness had seeped into her pores. A few months of tap-dancing make only a glorious interlude in her sure decline into the world of narcotics and prostitution. Teetering on the brink of destruction, Maya is given a sudden glimpse into the hidden world of the wretched, into which she is poised to tumble. It is a vision of hell on earth: standing in a hit joint for addicts and watching their salivating, scratching degradation she finally 'knew my own innocence as real as a grain of sand between my teeth'. The end of *Gather Together in My Name* performs an act of redemption upon both life and book. At its moment of crisis Angelou achieves the honed understatement of a deeply-felt truth:

> The life of the underworld was truly a rat race, and most of its inhabitants scurried like rodents in the sewers and gutters of the world. I had walked the precipice and seen it all, and at the critical moment one man's generosity pushed me safely away from the edge.

Entering squalid humiliation and returning from it whole and hopeful, *Gather Together in My Name* binds horror and raunchy delight together through its unique voice. In it, the reverberations of the Black Church's Gospel songs and the syncopated rhythms of jazz converge; the inherited proud tradition of

Maya Angelou

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Angelou's beleaguered people and the unsentimental isolation of her individual spirit interweave; the natural optimism that chases away shadows is also sharpened into self-lacerating wit. Loving the world, Maya Angelou also knows its cruelty and offers up her autobiography as an extraordinary mixture of innocence and depravity, of elegy and celebration. □

FICTION

This tough world

Harriett Gilbert

The Kingdom of the Wicked
ANTHONY BURGESS *Hutchinson* £9.95
The War of the End of the World
MARIO VARGAS LLOSA *Faber* £9.95
Stones for Ibarra
HARRIET DOERR *Deutsch* £8.95
Altogether Elsewhere
ANNA WILSON *Onlywomen Press* £2.95
The Systems of M.R. Shurnas
DAVID NEMEC *John Calder* £4.95

SEX, YES, THERE'S PLENTY of that in this week's selection of fiction, but it's rather drowned by the gurgles, shrieks, howls and ratatats of violence. The population of Jerusalem is nailed to its city walls (more traditional crucifixions having exhausted the local trees); Brazilian soldiers are massacred by rebels, who are subsequently massacred by soldiers; Mexican villagers, inner-city Brits, a mentally disturbed New Yorker, all add their gruesome pennyworth to the pile.

The Kingdom of the Wicked, the latest novel from the versatile Anthony Burgess, describes at least as much unpleasantness as any of the books reviewed. It is also, however, the brightest, the one with the clearest colours: its gladiatorial martyrdoms, family blood baths and imperial slaughters circus acts where no one (no adult reader, in any case) is in danger of getting hurt.

It's set in two interlinking worlds: the indubitably declining Rome of Caligula, Claudius *et al* and the Middle East-cum-Mediterranean of Jesus Christ's apostles. Across them stumble a bewildered Peter, an insufferable and inexhaustible Paul, a motley of witnesses, converts and doubters in spiritual battle with Jewish tradition, imperial corruption, themselves. Most obviously, the novel gives an airing to those musty Acts and Epistles — hanging them in an historical landscape (Rome burning, the fall of Pompeii) which allows their material to breathe, and blowing them about on lively draughts of 'human-sized' motive and behaviour. This latter can descend to *Life of Brian*-ism (it takes the disciples 20 seconds, during a Pentecost siesta, to knock up the doctrine of the Trinity) but, for the most part, makes for a readable, lively and intelligent story.

Running through it there is, however, a serious line of enquiry: What, if anything, distinguished Christianity from all the other religions and 'heresies' scrambling about at the time? And, by extension, what, if anything, continues to distinguish Christianity? Does it have an answer to violence and cruelty, whether of people or gods? The line, however, is slackly slung: the miracles are told with a bashful embarrassment, getting us nowhere at all; the apostles' speeches have the intellectual thrust of a sleepy morning in Sunday school. Christianity's powerful sweep appears to be due to the Nazarenes (even bullying Paul) simply being that much *nicer* than the pagans. And the novel refuses to anticipate what happened when that sweep had swept, when Christians were no longer hunted and tortured but hunting and torturing others.

Mario Vargas Llosa's new novel, **The War of the End of the World**, is written in a formal and detached tone of voice, refraining, for over a half-thousand pages, from comment, judgment or emotion. Yet this epic of a three-part military engagement (apparently taken from real events in late 19th-century Bahia, North Brazil) is a bitter and rigorously worked-out protest at war's pathetic absurdity.

The antagonists, on one side, are disciples of a man called 'the Counselor', a prophet who roams the starving towns, villages and farms of the backlands preaching the urgent need to restore their derelict churches and graveyards. Oppressed, dispossessed, disabled, disfigured, bandits and outcasts of all sorts and motives, they follow this 'rawboned' striding figure to help him construct — then, terribly, defend — the Utopian community Canudos. Swept against them, in wave after wave, is the army: its soldiers almost all of them boys; its officers a mixture of careerists and fanatics; its whole directed by the politicans, safe and cynical in Salvador.

Strategically, the novel is a *tour de force*, herding its characters and stories like a sheepdog, driving them into the slaughterhouse with ruthless efficiency and style. In this, its technical mastery, it has much in common with the Burgess novel (as, indeed, in its subject), but Vargas Llosa's colours are opaque, blood not spurting in scarlet fountains but sticking in black, crusted scabs. And, more importantly, the tensions he creates — between ideology and 'realism', Christianity and Socialism, theories and actions, knowledge and faith — are stretched so tight that they hurt.

Harriet Doerr is 75 and **Stones for Ibarra** is her first novel, yet she threads it together with the clear-eyed precision of a craftswoman in her prime. The book is very much a necklace: stories from the lives of two Americans, Sara and Richard Everton, who've come to live in the Mexican village where Richard's grandfather once ran the mine. While Richard installs a concentrating mill, pumps away water, employs the neighbours, Sara lays tiles for the garden paths and plants maguey cactuses. And an 'idiot' boy from the village drowns, possibly assisted by an elder brother whose hopes of marriage he was threatening. And another man is killed by his brother, by horrible, passionate, loving mistake. And the Evertons' doctor tells them that Richard has

"A PERCEPTIVE, INCISIVE, SUBTLE PORTRAIT OF RUSSIA, ELEGANTLY WRITTEN BY A SUPERB JOURNALIST" *HEDRICK SMITH*

RUSSIA

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only six years to live.

It is this knowledge, and Sara's attempts alternately to flee and embrace it, that hold the otherwise fragmentary anecdotes together — not merely by providing a narrative direction, but by setting both the villagers' and Evertons lives in the same harsh, powerless but resilient light.

Violence in Anna Wilson's **Altogether Elsewhere** emanates specifically from men — and is specifically directed at women, in the workplace, at home, on the streets. But this is only the beginning. The novel opens with a nameless 'A' hunting the papers for stories of rape, wife-battering, uxoricide; stuffing their details into her computer; searching them avidly for motive. But the focus switches almost at once to the 'source material' itself: photographers, street sweepers, wage clerks, women employed and unemployed; mothers, childless; black, white; their lives a mosaic of glancing pleasures, frustrations and irritations. Also of the anger/fear induced by casual and not-so-casual assaults.

This last emotion is ritually confronted in what amounts to the book's third level of reality, where the women form a vigilante group to patrol their city at night. Here, they drive themselves to self-assertion, to recognition of their sisterhood, but also towards their *own* violence. A flickering, restless, adventurous novel — sometimes puzzling, often funny, always humming with energy — it flashes its lights down shadowy alleys all too often avoided.

The Systems of M.R. Shurnas, by David Nemec, attempts to describe the other side of the coin. Set in the decidedly troubled mind of a prowling, male Manhattanite — as he, or his imagination, slithers from sex to murder to sex — it says quite a lot about obsessiveness, but little about the ostensible subject of random, inner-city violence. □

Father and daughter

Bernard Crick

New Jerusalems: the Labour Party and the Economics of Democratic Socialism
ELIZABETH DURBIN *Routledge* £16.95

ELIZABETH WAS 12 when her father, Evan Durbin, was drowned trying to pull her younger sister and her friend from the sea in Cornwall. Elizabeth made her career in the States where she is Professor of Economics at NYU. It was not until she was 40 that she decided to take a sabbatical leave in England to look through her father's papers 'to find out what he had accomplished, and who he really was'.

She does not really answer her second question — this is not, in fact, a biography; but the first she does brilliantly. It cannot have been only the family who were haunted by the question, 'what did he really accomplish?' Was *The Politics of Democratic Socialism* of 1940 really a great book, or did it simply show a great promise — that he might have been, but for the accident of death, the socialist Keynes? Did he at least lay the foundations for a theoretically rigorous programme for democratic socialism or did we impute to his unfinished work more than was there simply because we wanted to find something which might never have existed? These questions have certainly haunted me.

So Elizabeth Durbin came to write not a biography of her father at all but a fascinating account of a movement in which he was the catalyst, perhaps the best brain — at least the best brain who published and did not, like Crosland in his last years, diminish his intellectual influence by burying himself in purely practical activity. Evan Durbin, together with Hugh Gaitskell, Colin Clark,

Contd. on p.34

Coming in to land

Paul Groves

Nova Scotia

The two-seater relaxes its grip
on the air; it is like dying
quietly in bed — until you see
the pain of fields blurring under you,
trees clenching their fists, rock outcrops
grazing like dinosaurs.
The engine
keeps you from that alien world —
but only just.
It eases you into its
cold bath slowly; out there the wind
has something to say.
It knocks on your door
like a bellhop.
You are your own
lift attendant; one slip, and it's
the basement, arms folded on chest.

Noise bounces off the land.
Birds scatter,
their primary purposes postponed, like gossips
called indoors to a steaming kettle.

A farm motors by at sixty; barns
show off their angles, Pythagorean showgirls.

Then the strip: finite, demanding discipline.

Eyes narrow.
You are being swallowed up
by a countdown.
The explosion
of wheels on grass!
Horizons wobble;
the propeller dices up everything.
The sky is lifted
like a hatch.
Stability
jerks you, breathless, into place.

A controlled cutout.
The onrush
of silence.
Past and future are slid apart,
twin doors, to reveal the hangar of now,
your monster insect trustworthy, obedient,
your body part of its brain.
The world
was never nicer.
Compact.
Absolute.

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Shorter reviews

How Wars End
A. J. P. TAYLOR *Hamish Hamilton*
£10.95 & £6.95

This is a charmingly simple, direct pictorial history of a kind which no one except A. J. P. Taylor would nowadays dare to produce. It is the book of a Channel 4 series which this non-video owning reviewer has so far failed to catch, but which should be worth watching if the archive film keeps pace with Taylor's breathless narrative as the old prints and photos contrive to match his text. In less than 120 pages Taylor runs through the major wars of the last two centuries, reducing a sometimes bewildering procession of states and statesmen to their most basic motives. I hope it will not be considered too irreverent to say that I was constantly reminded of *1066 and All That*. Taylor has such a jolly and straightforward way of describing things that it is difficult sometimes to take him seriously. But that would be a mistake, for there is always a point, and the difference is that Taylor is usually right.

Right, that is, about particular historical events, for it is his immense knowledge which allows such supremely confident commentary. But I am not sure that he always manages to rise above the succession of detail to tell us something of general importance about 'how wars end'. The lesson seems to be that wars are such messy affairs that each is a law unto itself; peace conferences, which figure prominently here, are not the means by which the actual fighting is stopped, but processes by which states tidy up their affairs in the light of the results of the fighting. As war has become more and more total, there has been less inclination to stop the fighting and start the talking short of total victory. By 1945 'unconditional surrender' is the order of the day. As might be expected, Taylor has some pithy things to say about the way in which this was extracted in the case of Japan.

Taylor does not pretend that the issue of 'how wars end' has, in itself, a future relevance. 'The Third World War', as he puts it, 'will be the last.' But perhaps his account of the failures of statesmen to halt previous wars in mid-conflict will give some food for thought to anyone who believes that a European war could be halted by negotiations at a conventional or battlefield-nuclear stage. That is an illusory view of 'how wars end' for which there is little warrant in the history of global conflict.

Martin Shaw

From Childhood to Chivalry
NICHOLAS ORME *Methuen £22.50*

Readers of *From Childhood to Chivalry* may be surprised to learn how much schooling went on in the Middle Ages. Groups of children were taught at the royal court and in great aristocratic households, as well as in monasteries and nunneries, universities and the inns of court. There were free schools in big towns from the 12th century. The English were not outstanding original thinkers on educational matters — they left that to the French — but they were very interested in the 'quiet unobtrusive *practice* of education'.

Dr Orme is careful to distinguish between theory and practice — between appearance and the probable reality, as when he notes that 'manners, like most things that were learnt by girls, were acquired informally. . .not written down and studied as by boys'. Although girls might learn reading and some other useful skills, mediaeval writers on education concentrated more on their characters than on their instruction. However, according to Dr Orme, there is a real possibility that noble women possessed medical skill and knowledge, but because it was probably learned informally from other women and was not part of an official curriculum, that tradition has left few traces.

Fictional sources like *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* are sifted to see what they suggest about education and how they amplify the information in chronicles and didactic works. 'The literature [about education] of the Middle Ages anticipates that of the Renaissance in its implication that men and women should be trained in a variety of ways, ready for all eventualities.' So the mediaeval boy was in many ways the father of the Renaissance Man.

The book is a model of scholarship and contains excellent notes and a good bibliography. In short, it is an authoritative and readable guide to the spirit of the secular Middle Ages.

Sarah Lawson

Granta 14: Autobiography
ed. WILLIAM BUFORD *Penguin £3.50*

Readers have long owed a debt of gratitude to Bill Buford for transforming Cambridge University's *Granta* into an indisputably international publication. While its staple is prose fiction, it also provides a forum for political and cultural debate (*Granta 15* features James Fenton on the fall of Saigon) and, here, autobiography.

Contributions range in style from Reinaldo Arenas' relatively straight account of growing up either side of Castro's revolution to Breyten Breytenbach's Kafkaesque fable of complicity in repression; while William Boyd's 'Alpes Maritimes' — about being young, English and sexually awakened in Nice — could have been lifted from his collection of short stories, *On the Yankee Station*. 'Autobiography' as a mix of fact, fiction and fantasy.

Childhood, for those who tackle it here, is far from being 'a forgotten boredom'. 'Jackdaw Cake' by Norman Lewis relives a period spent in the care of three dotty aunts in deepest Wales, 'Welsh Wales'. Lewis successfully negotiates his way through territory largely annexed by Dylan Thomas, avoiding en route the excesses of the poet's orotund prose style. By far the funniest re-creation of childhood is Todd McEwen's hilarious send-up of Middle America's pathetic attempt to inculcate right social responses in its young.

Adolescence under Hitler, early manhood blighted by the shadow of Stalin, provide the material for Josef Skvorecky's 'Failed Saxophonist', while Jaroslav Seifert gives a longer perspective on a writer's life in 20th-century Czechoslovakia. From inside Russia itself come Eddie Limonov's confessions of a Russian beat and Vladimir Rybakov's appalling 'Family Politics'. Kidnapped from Paris to Russia by his Stalinist mother, Rybakov spent his formative years in conflict with the Soviet state. Booted out of university for quoting inconvenient bits of Marx, he found himself up to the waist in shit, literally, in the army. He eventually escaped back to France after service on the Sino-Soviet border. But Russia left an indelible mark: 'I miss it terribly.'

Finally, there are Don McCullin's photographs, an autobiographical sketch composed of pictures of other people's suffering. McCullin denies that what he does is 'art'. He just wants to push our noses up against reality till it hurts. Something of the effect on the man behind the camera can be judged from his studiedly frank self portrait.

Simon Rae

Rural development: Options for Namibia after independence
Edited by Iqbal Ahmed
Rural development in Namibia is of particular importance not only to the Namibians but also to the international community not only because the vast majority of Namibians live in the rural areas but also because of the realisation that South Africa's apartheid policies have systematicaly undermined rural development. Namibia, being the last colony, is in a unique position in Africa. The experience in rural development of other countries can be used to Namibia's advantage. A workshop on rural development was organised in Lusaka at which various issues in rural development were discussed, as were the experiences in rural development of some southern African countries. This monograph contains some selected papers and the proceedings of the workshop.
ISBN 92-2-103853-X £6.70

Agrarian policies and rural poverty in Africa
Edited by Dharam Ghai and Samir Radwan
". . . this book makes an important contribution . . . incomplete evidence has been pieced together to provide a surprisingly coherent view of the processes which have driven agricultural growth and the distribution of its benefits . . . Each country is dealt with in the same systematic way and all the contributions are excellently written. It brings a great deal of useful information together between two covers and it is to be hoped that it will not only reinforce interest in the problems of sub-Saharan Africa, but stimulate continuing study of the way government agrarian policies affect rural poverty". (*Food Policy*, Guildford, United Kingdom).
ISBN 92-2-103109-8 (hard) £12.55
ISBN 92-2-103100-4 (limp) £9.20

Minimum wage fixing: An international review of practices and problems, *by Gerald Starr*
Providing a wide range of information on international practice and experience in the field of fixing wages, this comprehensive study is for those responsible for the design and/or operation of minimum wage systems. It will also interest those with social and labour problems.
ISBN 92-2-102510-1 (hard) £12.55
ISBN 92-2-102511-X (limp) £9.20

Labour inspection. Purposes and Practice
Recent changes such as the integration of social and economic planning, the widening scope of labour legislation and the increasing amount of inspection carried out by the trade unions have led to a shift of emphasis in the purposes and practice of labour inspection service. This book first describes and analyses the aims and organisation of a modern labour inspection system and then gives practical hints on the way the labour inspector should proceed in his day-to-day work.
ISBN 92-2-100963-7 £6.70

Year Book of Labour Statistics, 1984
This forty-fourth issue of the *Year Book* brings together a mass of data from a vast network of authoritative sources of information in some 180 countries. It covers the total and economically active population by industry, status and sex; employment and *unemployment (distribution by industry and occupation)*; hours of work; wages and labour costs; consumer disputes. The data usually cover the last ten years, and are in English, French and Spanish.
ISBN 92-2-003948-6 £41.75

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Tel: 01-828 6401

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Douglas Jay and James Meade, set out after the debacle of 1931 to create the theoretical basis for democratic socialist economic policies. They worked through the new Fabian Research Bureau, set up by the Coles after the great schism. But it was the Coles' young men who did the original work. Hugh Dalton took up their ideas and infiltrated them into key posts in war-time Ministries concerned with post-war reconstruction.

Yet the question remains, 'what was their real achievement?' She puts it very clearly. The failure of market capitalism in the 1930s had two dimensions: a failure to generate sufficient economic activity to provide for full employment of all resources — the macroeconomic problem; and a failure to allocate resources efficiently — the microeconomic problem. The new Fabians were convinced that Keynes had provided the means to attack the macro problem — wages, rewards, incentives, welfare rights, in a word 'social justice'. They believed that Keynesian principles could be applied from macro to micro not merely to remedy capitalism's failures but to provide criteria for judging objectively the success of policies.

They saw that the inefficiencies of Soviet planning, until then the only model for state planning, were not merely lack of any pricing theory but also lack of any objective monitoring of results. The latter point is the essential link between democracy and socialist economics. It is not enough that the will of the people supports the direction of the programme; representative institutions must be able to question the statistical basis for official claims of success. In an odd kind of way the democratic socialist economists succeeded so well that until a government, not just a few academic cranks, began to legislate for laissez-faire, many of us had moments of doubt that there *was* a 'theory of the mixed economy', only platitude masking a pragmatic political compromise.

The Durbins, father and daughter, show us that our muddle was conceptual. We looked for a definite programme that could be deduced from theoretical axioms. That is impossible. Even Marxist economics only pretended, *ex post facto*, to act that way: theory was invoked to validate party decisions. A theory points a direction and delimits means, establishes a context and fills that context with institutions, procedures and processes by which decisions are made. These decisions are made within such parameters, but they are made politically, hopefully democratically. The theory states that in a democracy there will always be different means to achieve socialist ends. Practice cannot be derived directly from theory: it must be mediated through democratic institutions. What we had was so obvious that many scorned it or looked for more than could ever be found. The belief in planning in the 1930s was always stronger than theories of planning. There was no alternative economic theory, only the myth of Soviet power. And equally there is no pure economic theory of the market that does not have to be self-validated by non-empirical constructs like 'money supply' or by politicising the statistics. Elizabeth Durbin demonstrates again the depth and the strength of democratic socialist economics, given the opportunity and the political will. □

ART

For these who die as cattle

John Spurling

***The First Battle of Ypres 1914*: relief by Charles Sargeant Jagger**

Charles Sargeant Jagger: War and Peace Sculpture
Imperial War Museum until 29 September, then Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield

THE SCULPTURE of Charles Sargeant Jagger has been neglected for two reasons: he was best known as a maker of memorials to the First World War and his style was overtaken by Modernism. On both counts he quickly came to seem a somewhat embarrassing anachronism and his early death in 1934 at the age of 48 prevented him doing much to counter the verdict or broaden his reputation. Fortunately, though, his memorials remain to be seen in public places and this centenary exhibition comes at a good moment — when Modernism has lost its stranglehold on art history — to reassert his quality.

Jagger himself served in the First World War, both at Gallipoli and in France, was wounded three times, gassed twice and won the Military Cross. His memorials, however, are in no sense glorifications of war, but rather direct and unequivocal tributes to the men who, like him, endured its horrors at first hand. No war poet, no war artist — not even Goya — has produced an image of violent death which is truer, bleaker or more compassionate than Jagger's bronze relief *No Man's Land*. Nearly 3½ metres long and 1¼ metres high it depicts in the fine detail that Jagger learnt from his early training as a metal engraver what is essentially a horizontal rubbish heap consisting of soldiers' corpses and accoutrements flung, dropped, dumped along a sagging fence of barbed wire. The only obvious vertical, the only note of uplift is bitterly ironic: the handles of an abandoned stretcher sticking up out of a tangle of bodies just off centre.

This relief (which belongs to the Tate, though I have never seen it displayed there) was not made for a public commission but was Jagger's response to a post-war grant from the British School at Rome, whose Prix de Rome he had been awarded in 1914 and renounced in order to enlist in the Artists' Rifles. It is at once his own personal memorial to what he saw and suffered after that first romantic gesture and the grisly prelude to all his later public memorials. For even if their bronze figures appear more upstanding and heroic, Jagger knew as well as anyone that the flesh and bones they commemorate all finished up looking like the detritus of *No Man's Land*.

The work which made Jagger famous is the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. The enormous stone howitzer on a massive plinth is an aggressive symbol, but the stone reliefs and three of the four bronze figures round the base suggest dogged defence rather than attack and the fourth figure is that of a dead soldier with his cloak over his head. Moreover, the emphasis of the three figures of living men in close-up (their maquettes are included in the exhibition), when their meticulously detailed clothes and equipment become as important as their determined postures, is on their vulnerable humanity. Their faces may be set and grim, but these are not armed hooligans to be afraid of. They are shown prepared and equipped to withstand the worst that can be done to them, victims rather than perpetrators of atrocity. In the same way, the reliefs (represented in the exhibition by fibreglass casts) show the mess and disorganisation of defensive actions in war rather than the exhilaration of attack or victory. Of course this is an artillery memorial and it is in the nature of artillery to be well behind the front line and therefore defending itself, if directly engaged

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with the enemy at all; but the idea of defence, of men helmeted, cloaked, booted and moraled against the fate that awaits them in No Man's Land, is common to all Jagger's memorials.

Jagger's style combines two distinct influences from the late 19th century: heavy peasant realism and a flowing *art nouveau* line. Most of the free-standing figures derive from the first, though Jagger makes bold and imaginative use of military cloaks to add a sense of mobility and spirit to the basic materiality. The reliefs owe more to the second and one of the great surprises of this exhibition is to see how, when he was not making powerfully simple and static symbols of endurance, Jagger loved movement, complication and sensuality. The exhibition contains several beautiful early drawings of lively Bacchanals and at the end of the Twenties, when he had finished making memorials and was pursuing an extremely successful and varied public career — with commissions for portrait statues, symbolic figures of industry and even religious subjects — he returned, in his private commissions, to both the theme and the style of those early drawings. □

THEATRE

End in tears

Benedict Nightingale

Lonely Cowboy
ALFRED FAGON *Tricycle*
Coming Apart
MELISSA MURRAY *Soho Poly*
Sweeney Todd
STEPHEN SONDHEIM *Half Moon*

FOR APPROXIMATELY ninety-nine-hundredths of its length **Lonely Cowboy**, so-called because it's set in a tiny Brixton café of that name, seems a pretty relaxed and genial piece of work. True, police sirens are disconcertingly often to be heard wailing outside; but the only member of the force we actually see, a gormless neighbourhood boy who plods self-importantly onstage saying 'hello, hello, hello' in a West Indian accent, is a figure of mild derision to his fellow-blacks in the play and of fun to us in the audience.

Drug traffickers are also on hand, to the fury of the café proprietor's God-fearing wife, but they're dealing in nothing more perilous than pot and scarcely seem very menacing in themselves. When one steals the shoe-boxes in which the other has hidden samples of weed, the victim's revenge is simply to nab the robber's bicycle and, as it turns out, get himself arrested for doing so. Add a pair of street intellectuals — she an earnest feminist in dogged search for 'my roots', he perpetually boring everyone with glum odes about love being destroyed by the cops — and you've something that seems hardly more than an enjoyably anecdotal ramble through a little bit of the British ghetto.

But then, without obvious warning, a knife is out, followed by a gun, and the friendly local policeman is left helplessly boggling at three corpses and one murderer; and it's a tribute to the unpretentious skill both of Alfred Fagon's writing and of Nicolas Kent's cast that we're shocked yet not altogether surprised. The ordinary banter over the tea and buns — 'he say I'm the first woman he had a relationship with for over a year,' 'where he been, prison?' — suddenly seems darker in retrospect than when we actually heard it. A faintly absurd boast — the bicycle thief's 'I'm heading for the top' — echoes a bit ominously round the memory. Fagon has some way to go (who hasn't?) before he matches the mastery of tragi-comedy achieved by the great O'Casey; but his way of seeing things, and making us see them, isn't drastically dissimilar. Most of the time his people muddle entertainingly along, but the weather around them is hostile, the path rutted, their balance precarious — and a trip that began in laughter can end with them gashed and broken on the ground.

The reason Melissa Murray has titled her new play **Coming Apart** is presumably that her characters' many fantasies are doing precisely that. The setting is an unusual one, a Berlin tenement house in 1970, and its principal inhabitants downright bizarre. One is an Englishman who deserted from the army back in 1945, and has been kept hidden for the following 25 years by his one-time mistress, who encourages him to believe he'll be arrested and shot if he ventures outside. Another is an elderly ex-Nazi primly nostalgic for the days when his nation 'changed the entire course of history'. Enter a pushy young teacher, of vaguely radical background, and cats begin to emerge from bags, skeletons to come rattling from cupboards, the past generally to prove itself an awkward and uncomfortable place in which to set up home.

On the face of it, this is a less than plausible piece. Even though I kept reminding myself of Ken Yakashito, who spent 30 post-war years in the jungles fighting the Japanese cause, I couldn't altogether credit the Westcountry farmer's boy who hadn't even bothered to learn German during a quarter-century spent listening to German radio, seeing German newspapers and living with a German woman. Yet there's something about Murray's writing that encourages one to look a bit below the face of things; and there one finds, along with a certain lack of tension and momentum, a good deal of sensitive feeling for the timid, the scared, the paranoid, the lonesome. It really needs a more gauntly atmospheric set than the bits and pieces of dowdy furniture that awkwardly pose as three separate apartments at the Soho Poly, but Sue Dunderdale steers her cast competently enough around the tiny, congested stage, in the process getting a lovely, foxy performance, at once furtive and baleful, from John Normington as the old codger with his heart in Hitler's Thirties.

Enter the Half Moon by the old entrance, walk through a ramshackle bar, follow a scrawled sign baldly reading 'toilets', and suddenly you're in what must be the East End's first new theatre for a million or so years, an amalgam of concrete bricks and steel girders and corrugated doors. It makes a suitably stark and charmless setting for **Sweeney Todd**, and *Sweeney Todd* makes a more than suitable entertainment for its christening party. That's partly because Stephen Sondheim based his musical on a play by Chris Bond, now the Half Moon's artistic director, and partly because the musical itself uniquely combines accessibility and seriousness, Cockney legend and derring-do. It's a pop opera about nothing less than human evil — or could and should be.

Unluckily, it isn't quite that at the Half Moon. Bond's chamber production is consistently well acted and, if less consistently, well enough sung too. Gillian Hanna presides with bug-eyed glee over the pastry department at Sweeney Snacks Ltd, and Leon Greene brings a proper solemnity to the provision of savoury fillings. I admired and enjoyed their joint ghoulishness; but I didn't feel that their director had adequately compensated for the evening's inevitable lacks and wants, such as a terrifying mob of lunatics, stampeding into the night and gaudily singing, or rats in the street, hunchbacks copulating, and similarly amiable phenomena. Intimate should surely mean intense. Indeed, small should mean the concentrated savagery I found missing at Drury Lane five years ago. Ah well, *Sweeney* is good enough to be revived again and again and again. Maybe next time. □

DANCE

Ancient & modern

Stephanie Jordan

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet
Covent Garden
Simone Forti
Riverside
Not Quite Dance
ICA

AT COVENT GARDEN, the absence of the recently much criticised resident Company has been the occasion of a three-week visit from their recently much praised colleague company of **Sadler's Wells**. Peter Wright's leadership and energy are beyond question, the smallish company mounting versions of the classics that are thoughtful and well researched. In SWRB's *Sleeping Beauty*, new to London, as with Wright's CGRB production of *The Nutcracker*, I have misgivings about the effectiveness of a production too rigidly rehearsed, with too much good taste and good sense.

Philip Prowse has designed for *Beauty* an inner proscenium of great solidity seemingly of pink marble, looking like those magnificent opera sets of the early 20th century. Against this, the costumes, in a preponderance of gold, are lavish and fine, despite occasional lapses like gaudy red heels, or like Hop O' My Thumb being shod in the sort of scarlet thigh boots worn by American prostitutes. To denote Aurora's century-long sleep, the period shifts duly from Louis XIV to XVI for Acts II and III and the stage machinery is put to vigorous use in the transformation scenes: the rising and falling away of the forest which surrounds the palace of King Florestan XXIV. ▷

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In classical ballet production, it is difficult to strike the right chord of fairy tale for children without appearing faux-naif to adults, and of being respectful to a work of art without looking too cerebral to children. In his 1946 production, Oliver Messel displayed Dali's gift for making the bizarre accessible. His fairies and their cavaliers in the Prologue wore unmatching costumes, making the point that they were at Aurora's christening as representatives of different attributes and gifts. Though Prowse creates a harmonious stage picture that looks ravishing in still photographs, his soloists are barely distinguishable. The Lilac Fairy, who usually appears in said lilac, is here a non-dancing matron in limestone grey, and the costume of the 16-year-old Aurora for the Rose Adagio contains only a very polite blush of pink. Such criticisms may seem reactionary but, by the end of a three-hour ballet, all the colours and characters have merged into pallor. Other weaknesses include the depiction of the wicked Carabosse and her coterie: Messel made her lackeys rats and monkeys; here, she is accompanied by unsinister characters from Venetian revels. Then, the four princes seeking Aurora's hand in marriage in Act I drop in casually during the Garland Dance and look about as royal as those mechanical figures on the clock outside Fortnum & Mason.

SWRB's *Swan Lake*, seen before at Covent Garden, is far more successful, though still aiming for correctness at the expense of imagination. In both works, the Canadian guest Evelyn Hart has danced with distinction, not a very strong performer, but gracious and eloquent. Her gifts emerge most clearly in her Odette, a subtly phrased performance with an unusual quality of breath in her steps and yielding through her *pointes*. But the cut of her tutu looked wrong here, high-waisted, minimising the expressive potential of back and arms. Her partner, Henny Jurriens, was forgettable.

In these classics, much of the supporting dancing was mediocre. As Benno, with his high elevation, Roland Price raises the temperature, but he goes into a high propulsion overdrive in which he forgets style, letting his shoulders rise up to his ears. We saw the company to better effect in the triple bill. Sandra Madgwick must be singled out for illuminating an otherwise dutiful performance of *Les Sylphides* (and indeed as the fifth fairy in the *Beauty* Prologue) and, with Clare French and the always excellent Marion Tait, forming a strong lead in David Bintley's *Choros* (Bintley himself outstanding as *Petrushka*).

You could say that ICA's short *Not Quite Dance* season was prefaced with an appearance by pioneer American post-modernist **Simone Forti**, whose series of inspiring workshops at Riverside culminated in *Dragon in the Field* for herself and ten dancers. Forti was one of the first to abandon standard dance technique. Various forms of unstylised motion have since become some of the sources for dance today and have, in the work of Laurie Booth, created a technique as sophisticated as it is original.

Yip Yip Mix, performed in **Not Quite Dance**, is his best piece since *Crazy Daisy*, proving that he is expanding his vocabulary and musical collaboration where, sometimes, his solo shows have seemed like championship bouts of dance in an unaccommodating topical/philosophical arena. Now, Philip Jeck's live tape and physical manipulation of gramophone records exert a useful control on Booth. The often extreme distortion of hit-songs (mostly Fifties and Sixties TV kitsch — everything but Nina and Frederick) suited yet restrained the ebullient flow of movement. Often, when Jeck allowed Nat King Cole or whoever to sing several lines of melody uninterrupted, Booth's movement became correspondingly more expansive. His anecdotal narratives are, like his dance, free flow, full of pastiche, wit and dream-like sentences which are grammatical but don't make sense: brilliantly nonsensical.

Gaby Agis, who has also returned to the roots of movement, brought to the ICA work about the strength and solidarity of women. *Shouting Out Loud* is a collaboration with her performers (11 women at the ICA) set to music by The Raincoats. The work is a simple, powerful statement boldly told, variations on lifting, catching, holding, escorting partners, the slow, deliberate tempo in which the ideas are organised contributing to its impact. Raincoat's Ana da Silva describes *Shouting* as tender and sensitive. I also caught a good deal of tension from its insistent repeated theme of collapse to the floor, use of anxious stasis and disquieting accompaniment. □

FILMS

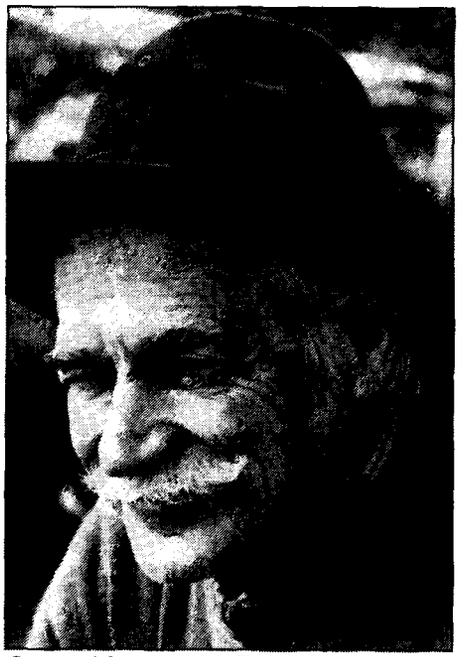
Crimes past

John Coleman

The Grey Fox (PG)
Screen on the Hill
Johnny Dangerously (15)
Classics, Haymarket and Chelsea; Odeons, Kensington and Swiss Cottage; Coronet, Westbourne Grove
A Funny, Dirty Little War (18)
ICA
American Dreamer (PG)
Classic, Haymarket

BILL MINER WAS ONE of those gentlemen bandits so dear to the cinema, credited by no less an authority than Pinkerton of the Detective Agency with originating the command, 'Hands up!'. Or so an opening title in Phillip Borsos's amiable first feature **The Grey Fox** assures us, thereby intimating that some at least of what follows is to be taken with a pinch of salt. One thing is certain: this Miner was downright careless for a legend, spending 33 years in San Quentin for his trouble. We catch up with him at the turn of the century, a grizzled 60, quizzically marvelling at a gizmo of an apple-peeler demonstrated by his garrulous travelling companion in a train. Fresh out of jail, Mr Miner equivocates: 'I'm between jobs right now.' Then — in a comic sort of film echo of John Ford's 'I make Westerns' — he admits, 'I robbed stagecoaches.' His occupation, one must feel, is gone.

But the fascination of Richard Farnsworth's



Grey and foxy Richard Farnsworth

delightful performance as Miner lies in his restless determination to do his own thing, come what may. A spell as oyster-picker with his sister and grudging husband is doomed to a failure spelt out when Bill catches a showing of Edwin S. Porter's 1903 *The Great Train Robbery*, eyes gleaming and gleeful. Black locomotives pushing out great white banners of smoke in the wooded countryside are lovingly photographed by Frank Tidy. They are also to become Bill Miner's new prey. A botched shot sends him over the border into Canada, where he and his drunken sidekick Shorty (Wayne Robson) have more success, netting $1,000 in bills and much more in gold dust. The film unashamedly romanticises the likeable old rogue, dwelling lyrically on his love-idyll with an emancipated photographer, Kate Flynn (Jackie Burroughs), and friendship with the local constable. For a while he rustles horses, skulks with Shorty and a tubercular companion in semi-hiding as listless miners.

This Miner's days of freedom, though, are numbered. Warned by his cop pal, he despatches Kate to Chicago, then flees. The end of a massive manhunt finds dry, courtly Bill and his associates hauled back to hick little Kamloops for trial. A band plays at the station as a last train steams in, a kid gives him an orange, the tracks unwind towards prison. But this is a happy, amoral, family entertainment. One more title retails his escape — and that Kate visited Europe in 1908 with a mining engineer known as George Anderson. We file cheerfully out as a distant convict rows away on an expanse of healing water. And to hell with the bullets and blood.

A hammeringly explicit send-up of a genre is Amy Heckerling's **Johnny Dangerously**, which sets out to do to and for the gangster movie what *Blazing Saddles* did for the Western, succeeding best in some wild one-liners but helped along by the smiley supercool of Michael Keaton as the son forced into crime to pay for his mother's annual operations. Maureen Stapleton steals the show as washerwoman Mom, with a roomful of dirty laundry and a mouthful of raunchy language.

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Smilingly super-cool Michael Keaton as *Johnny Dangerously*

Her other son, of course, rises to become a crusading gang-buster, ignorant of brother Johnny's underworld status. Every cliché in the book is treated with disrespect, including torchy Lil's dreams of rural domesticity. This Lil (Marilu Henner) can be rancid on occasion. 'Did you know your last name's an adverb?' she asks jumping Johnny. A *bad* hood has an .88 Magnum: 'It shoots through schools.'

Starting in 1935, the film has a reformed Keaton idly stapling price tags on his pet-shop animals as he tells his tale in flash-back to a thieving kid. Some of the 1910 black-and-white newsreel footage of Lower East Side life is beautifully used, and abused. As the ex-mobster explains, all immigrants had to put in four hours a day walking the streets 'in a hat'. Peter Boyle does his best as the milk-and-cookies gang boss from whom 'Johnny Dangerously' inherits, but it's a self-indulgent, disorganised affair long before the feeble close. With laughter at a premium, we shall knock it no further.

Hector Olivera's Argentinian **A Funny, Dirty Little War**, set in the country town of Colonia Vela in 1974 during the wilful, awful chaos that broke out during the short-lived period of Peron's ambiguous return, is a blunt, brutal and sentimental event, turning heavily on the irony that *everyone* claims to be a Peronist. Orders come down from on high that a mild little Town Hall clerk is a Marxist and must be sacked. His immediate boss, Fuentes (excellent Federico Luppi), will have none of it, grabbing a shotgun, bribing a guard by promoting him to corporal and a wary old caretaker by making him park director, even enlisting a jailed drunk. Little by little, serious fighting surrounds the building. A half-crazed pilot uses his beloved crop-dusting plane to spray insecticide around; later, he unloads horse shit on police and the imported hard men alike. He is to die, as is Fuentes, horribly tortured, but not before this bloodied remnant of honest courage has butted the venal Mayor (pleading with him to 'confess') in the face. The uncompromising film does much the same to its audience.

Enchanting JoBeth Williams wastes her magic in Rick Rosenthal's leaden **American Dreamer** as the mother of two sons, damned in a dull husband, who wins a week in Paris for her pastiche of a Rebecca Ryan thriller, gets a knock on the head by Notre Dame, imagines herself to *be* Ms Ryan and ends up racing around the *rues* with puzzled Tom Conti. Another puzzle: why do Americans always say 'Paris, *France*'? I know they have four, but all the same. . . . □

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Amadeus Peter Shaffer's rich, vulgar and potent fantasy about mediocrity's revenge on genius, sumptuously directed by Milos Forman, with F. Murray Abraham outstanding as Salieri and Mozart's music cascading from the screen.

A Private Function Blissful and British double first as Michael Mowbray steers top-notch cast through puncturingly word-perfect Alan Bennett comedy set in 1947 Yorkshire. Nagged by social-climbing wife, meek chiropodist gets revenge on local unworthies by stealing black-market pig. (Maggie Smith, Michael Palin).

Favourites of the Moon Summary-defying, hypnotic entertainment from Georgian director Otar Yosseliani, making his fifth film during stay in a Paris he packs with pass-the-parcel thieves, tramps, whores, mistresses, anarchists and *flics*.

Beverly Hills Cop Brilliant young Eddie Murphy (*48 HRS, Trading Places*) hoists workaday hunt-the-cocaine thriller into compulsive viewing.

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams
Mud

THE *RADIO TIMES* used Churchill's V-sign to promote its VE-day coverage last week rather as the Stax record label did its finger-popping logo: This way to the boogie! George Stevens's colour film, **D-Day to Berlin** (BBC-1), which he made as a personal record alongside his official black-and-white newsreel footage, provided a sobering antidote to all the vicarious knees-upping on breakfast television. For most people under 45 the Second World War is a smoke-filled movie screen separating us from our parents' youth, which was in black and white, except for the lipstick. Stevens's Kodachrome images, fresh as yesterday, had no such illusions. Blood, as well as lipstick, was red on the way to Berlin.

But the colour took some getting used to: all those thousands of extras shivering in a field, could they really be defeated Germans? 'They had a lot of leather in their equipment,' said Ivan Moffat, Stevens's scriptwriter. 'It was a smell you came to recognise wherever there were Germans: leather and sweat and dirty uniforms.'

As A.J.P. Taylor pointed out on his telling but trembly **How Wars End** (C4), the European conflict actually took five years to come to a close. For France it ended in 1940: 'Any modest citizen going about his business in Paris needn't have been aware that there was a war going on.' Twelve weeks after D-Day the Germans agreed to surrender Paris rather than see it destroyed by fighting, so for the second time in five years the City of Light escaped with hardly a broken bulb. There was a feeling that the war was over, but that winter German resistance stiffened and 19,000 GIs were killed in the Ardennes: 'Conditions were more like the First World War,' said a Stevens cameraman. 'Mud and wet and trying to keep warm.' There were vivid shots of soldiers undoing Christmas parcels as carols played, then the bang-bang of heavy mortars clearing the countryside for the final advance through Germany. Moffat recalled seeing a constant stream of men going home after the war. 'Everywhere people passing each other on the endless crossroads of Europe.'

Stevens followed the US First Army into Nordhausen, where it liberated 13,000 slave labourers — Czechs, Jews, Italians, Belgians — from the largest underground factory ever built. (The V1 and V2 bombs were made here.) Confined to 40 miles of underground tunnels, some slaves hadn't seen daylight for years. 20,000 had died there.

War had brutalised the Allies' feelings, but nothing had prepared them for the shock of Dachau, where Stevens's team came unexpectedly upon snow-covered bodies lying three-deep beside a rail-track, others hanging out of boxcars 'with their flesh gnawed away by people desperate for food'. To escape retribution, some guards had donned striped pyjamas and joined their prisoners. We saw

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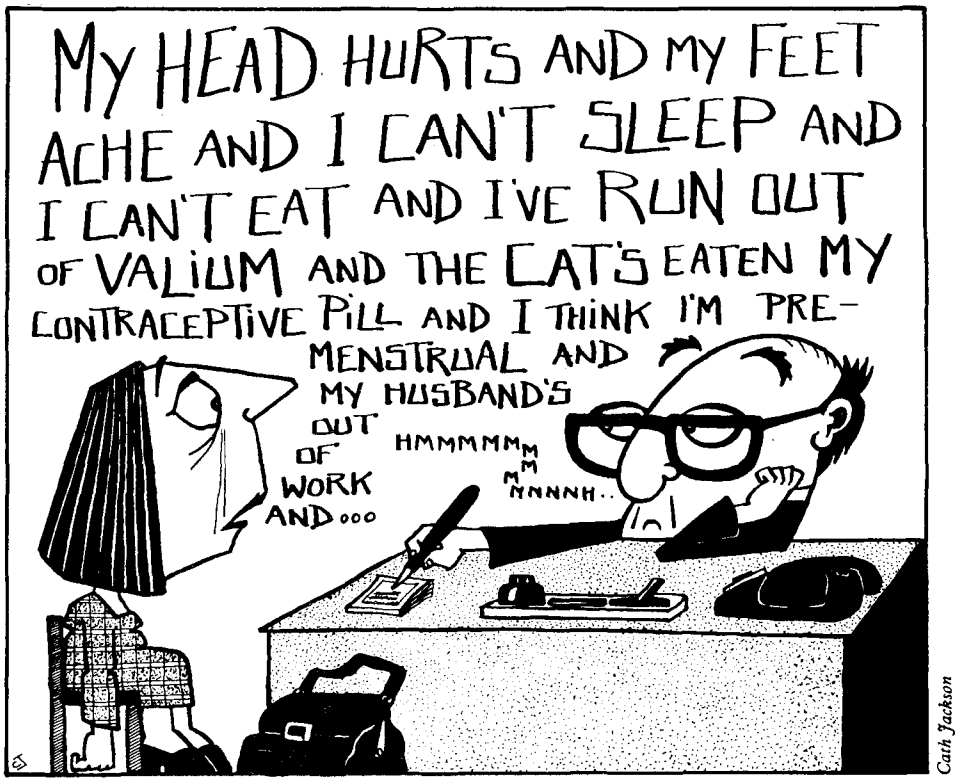
their full-fleshed faces gleefully imagining they had escaped discovery, then a Jewish survivor picking them out from the crowds of skeletons and their arrogant, self-assured excuses to GIs trembling with fury. This was the last evidence of the master race myth before they all turned once and for all into the yelling thick-skulled villains of a thousand war movies.

As ordinary Germans recalled recently for **The Day We Won The War** (BBC-1), 'When we saw the first newsreels of Buchenwald we thought it was a joke, a warning of what they were going to do to us. We thought it was India. When we realised it was us who had done those things we thought, "We're going to be the baddies for the rest of the century." ' Well, we're more than half way there and it looks like the baddies are well on their way to rehabilitation. As Vera Lynn sang, 'We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when...', the words seemed to have taken on a sinister new meaning.

Strangest of the Victory programmes was a Yorkshire TV production on *First Tuesday*, **Yanks Meet Reds** (ITV), in which the two young soldiers in a famous news picture, one Russian, one American, both handsome, embracing one another on the Elbe, were dug out of their present lives and asked to re-embrace on behalf of US-Soviet understanding, World Peace, the Summit Conference, or was it just media curiosity? We watched in amazement as two ravaged and inflamed old parties pretended to recognise in colour the handsome black-and-white heroes they had been 40 years before. The programme even got the commanding officers on the Elbe to meet for VE-day. From Moscow we saw the mountainous Gen. Orshansky, still a 'military engineer', demonstrating a Heath-Robinson style trench-digging machine to awestruck cadets. 'I think people will one day demand laws forbidding war,' he thought, but Lt. Col. Buck Cotsibou, his opposite number, wasn't so sure. For him the decision to meet had been harder. They drank and exchanged insignia. 'Nowadays we're getting old men,' said Orshansky jovially when Cotsibou called for glasses. 'We don't want to drink out of the same flask any more.' It was no good, unfavourable symbolism had got the bit between its teeth.

The excellent **Timewatch** (BBC-2) concentrated on the Battle for Berlin. The German capital had been within the Allies' reach since March '45, but Stalin had used ground gained elsewhere as a bargaining counter to keep them waiting on the Elbe. The Allies could have secured a surrender. Fear of what the Russians would do caused the Berliners to fight on, with reason. The fighting was desperate, floor-to-floor in places, with roving bands of SS men, brutal to the last, executing anyone showing the white flag, even minutes before their street fell. A Russian infantrywoman remembered climbing up to put a banner over Hitler's Chancellery. Stalin had persuaded Ike that mines had to be cleared and with two months' grace was able to set up active communist cadres throughout the city. The Allies, more interested in old Nazis than a long-term view, entered Berlin on 4 July to find the Cold War ready and waiting to greet them. □


MY HEAD HURTS AND MY FEET ACHE AND I CAN'T SLEEP AND I CAN'T EAT AND I'VE RUN OUT OF VALIUM AND THE CAT'S EATEN MY CONTRACEPTIVE PILL AND I THINK I'M PRE-MENSTRUAL AND MY HUSBAND'S OUT OF WORK AND ooo
HMMMMMM
MMNNNH..

Cath Jackson

To be taken with care

A patient writes

DOCTORS CAN seriously affect your health. That is why, however carping it may seem to many a harassed GP trying to do her or his best, we patients can't help feeling that our experiences of doctors should be taken into account. After all we — and I speak as a relatively undemanding patient, seldom ill — are what the health service is *for*. And we aren't some special category of person either; we're practically everyone, doctors included. Here, then, a modest offering of a few random scenes from one medical life.

MY EARLIEST doctor memory is of the utterly dependable presence which used to materialise at the foot of the bed when I was poorly. He would rock gently back and forth, murmuring 'Hmmnnh' 'Hhmmmmnnh', 'Hhhhmmmmnnnnh' to himself, before coming closer to touch the site of the pain with cold, freckly hands. Then there would be the muttered consultation on the landing and later, perhaps, medicine to take.

But just as early was my knowledge that his coming as of right was new and greatly to be prized; that only a generation ago it was seven-and-sixpence a visit out of maybe £2-a-week wages and, since they 'didn't know when to stop coming', it was a lot safer not to have the doctor at all unless absolutely driven. Sometimes, like after a hard and painful dying, the bill might simply fail to arrive — a kind gesture but too late to relieve one person's fear of being a financial burden as well.

ANOTHER TIME, another surgery. 'I feel terrible,' I said. 'I can't tell you any better than that. I just feel awful all over. Sorry; that's not very helpful.' He put his fingertips together and regarded me in silence for what felt like a long time. 'I think,' he spoke at last, 'you've got glandular fever.' And sure enough, days later, blood tests confirmed that I did, indeed, have it. There was nothing to be done except wait for it to pass. But the naming was comforting. And ever since I've been convinced that good doctoring, even in its 'technical' aspects, is as much art as science, as much intuition as reason.

YEARS LATER the same doctor paused in writing out a prescription for microgynon or some such and looked up over his half-glasses. 'And when is he going to make an honest woman of you?' he demanded. Taken aback, I blushed and stammered and it was only when out on the street, clutching my bit of paper, that I realised I was angry — with myself above all, for feeling and behaving like a schoolgirl before the head, for not taking issue with a single one of the three wholly questionable assumptions lurking in that question. Thereafter I took such matters to a clinic where I paid for advice given as between equals. So much for the hard-won health service. But then I have to admit to inconsistencies as a patient. If space permitted I'd explain about my dentist, too.

NOT MUCH more to report personally (yet), but with the years stories accumulate from friends and relations and, of course, of course, they are tales of bad and good. What else? But for patients that means bad or good learning about major changes in their lives, bad or good

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birth, bad or good dying.

An acquaintance with a potentially mortal illness gets scrupulously sensitive treatment from a major city teaching hospital; another with a fatal neurological disease is diagnosed by the local hospital as suffering from want of spirit and sent home, more miserable than he went in, with a high-protein diet sheet and instructions to pull himself together and eat properly. A GP, called to a minutes'-old death, arrives on the doorstep with a brusque, 'Well, where is he then?' A colleague is still being asked, ten years after her hysterectomy and whatever the reason she goes to the surgery, whether she shouldn't have a smear test.

A relative living in a small Midlands town says sadly that it is getting just like the old days again; the one medical centre is seedy and down-at-heel and the doctors sweep through the waiting-room as if mere patients were beneath their notice. There's a feeling abroad, she says, that anyone who matters pays for medical care and the rest are second-class patients.

It's all very well to criticise, says a doctor friend, but many patients do expect him to be infallible, work miracles, and, besides, he's very, very tired of being called out at 11.30p.m. or 1 a.m. to look at a three-day-old sore throat.

AND THEN THERE's *Doctors' Dilemmas: Medical Ethics and Contemporary Science* by Melanie Phillips and John Dawson (Harvester). Primarily for doctors but profitable reading for anyone who cares about the health service, it's a clear, thorough exposition of the conflicting pressures and responsibilities that make a doctor's life far from a simple one. There are the familiar life/death conundrums — the authors come down in favour of letting die but not helping die; for a forcible expression of a more extreme 'doctor's case for euthanasia and suicide' see Christian Barnard's *Good Life Good Death* (Peter Owen) — but also issues of confidentiality, of medical research, of the division of limited resources, of relationship with the state.

Phillips and Dawson make no hasty judgments but suggest four basic policies to help doctors to act in the interests of their patients: '1. Tell the truth. 2. Accept responsibility for your own actions. 3. Respect the autonomy of the patient. 4. Do not exploit the discrepancy in power inherent in a professional relationship.' Exactly. I think we patients could endorse that. □

Among this week's contributors:

ANDREW LUMSDEN edited *Gay News* from 1982-3 and was co-author, with Gillian Hanscombe, of *Title Fight: The Battle for Gay News*, published by Brilliance Books.

BERNARD CRICK's publications include *Taxation Policy* (ed. with W. A. Robson) and *Unemployment* (ed.).

MICHAEL LEAPMAN's *Barefaced Cheek: Rupert Murdoch* was published in paperback by Coronet last year.

MARTIN SHAW is the editor of *War, State and Society*, which was published by Macmillan last year.

SARAH LAWSON is the English translator of Christine de Pisan's *The Treasure of the City of Ladies* (Penguin).

Naseem Khan

Mayfest: pt 1

'WELCOME TO GLASGOW — 'S M I L E S BETTER!' shouts the large billboard confidently, across a railway station that, ironically, appears part building site. 'Better than what?' asked the comedian. 'Better than Birmingham,' he answered. The wry smiles resulting say a lot for that sense of being low down in the popularity stakes — not surprising in Glasgow, a city long famous for violence, deprivation, poverty, an image only just being eroded by its own achievements rather than the Miles Better campaign.

Actually, Glasgow doesn't need the reassurance of comparison. And, if any proof were needed of the uniqueness of this extraordinary city, its Mayfest would amply give it. With just a few more days to run of the third annual festival, it has a variety and vigour that it would be hard to beat, and a closeness to its target audience that should be the envy of other festivals. For while Edinburgh's function is as a large-scale magnet to incoming thousands, Glasgow sees its most important job as providing something for the people of Glasgow.

The mix is a bold and principled one. Side by side with international work — the British premieres of Chicago's national dance company, the Joel Hall Dancers and Wisdom Bridge Theatre's *In the Belly of the Beast* — is Scottish work (Glasgow work, where possible). Wildcat premiered its new show *Business in the Backyard* to an enthusiastic local audience; Glasgow Citizens Theatre hosted 7:84 Scotland's revival of Joe Corrie's *In Time of Strife*. The late-night Club had both a Swedish jazz ensemble and the excellent local rock group Scheme. One reason for Mayfest in the first place, said its director Ferelith Lean, was to show local work in an international context.

But the festival's roots go down further than a concern for artistic outlets. The initiative for Mayfest came, unusually, from the trade union movement. In particular, it was Alex Clark, then Equity's representative on the Scottish TUC, who lit the spark. Glasgow, an overwhelmingly Labour city, he explained, has an annual Mayday march with its attendant end-of-the-day cultural turns. But he came to feel that it deserved more — a proper festival that would also be a fitting celebration of May Day. How much would it cost? he asked Ferelith Lean and Dave Maclennan, directors of Wildcat. £71,200, they told him.

And so arrived Mayfest, its money mainly provided by Strathclyde District authority, the union movement and the Scottish Arts Council. Since that first festival in 1983, the budget has grown, but not so much as the festival (or its audiences). Visitors have the choice of 11 different shows — shows as diverse as Wildcat's music-theatre show about Nicaragua ('If Ken Livingstone doesn't take this show to London,' the moved Nicaraguan ambassador reportedly said, 'I shall kill myself'), special £1 performances of Scottish Opera, a mime show at the busy Third Eye Centre and a new composition based on traditional Scottish musical styles in the fine Burrell Collection. And that takes no account of the community-based events, nor special trips like the bus rides to look at the extraordinary Easterhouse Mosaic (of which more next week). For, most importantly, Mayfest has started reaching out in its second year to community venues in the housing estates outside Glasgow and including community groups in central venues.

On the face of it, the range is nothing more nor less than admirable, and popular press cuttings increase the sense of razzle-dazzle excitement. 'Glasgow-born Feri, Miss Mayfest, the golden girl who has made Glasgow glitter,' says one, 'has a job which is the envy of all art lovers . . .' Glasgow-born Miss Mayfest herself, 36-year-old Ferelith (a tall, angular, energetic young woman with a mane of hair like Charles II's wig) looks at the job — between a fund-raising do for Mayfest '86 and soothing tempers of an angry participant — a trifle more critically. In the cold light of morning, when neither she nor her first-rate team have had more than a few hours' sleep, the gold is a bit tarnished. Truth is, this much expanded festival package is still being put together and delivered to its public by an essentially unincreased team whose commitment is far greater than their pay.

In such circumstances, it is not surprising that there is also a quality of haphazardness about Mayfest. That has its charm, but also its dangers: in the long run it takes too great a toll on human resources and it also obscures the way to a coherent development. At present Mayfest is growing by accretion. Community groups and community venues were included in 1984; other organisations and venues have chipped in with their own programmes. Others, like the city's well-established writers, community writing groups and film theatre, have not.

To establish a popular low-priced festival that bridges the gap between mainstream and community, international and local, is no mean achievement. At the same time, the longer it continues, the more vocal the questions become. How does the balance between the varying elements within Mayfest work? How can the festival be used as a catalyst for the rest of the year? What is the relationship between centre and community? What, beyond the general idea of treats for all, is Mayfest for?

Much the most fraught area is the one of community participation, and one that some vocal people this year saw as perfunctory. 'Last year,' said an inhabitant of the run-down area of Easterhouse bitterly, 'Mayfest had a Cuban company about revolution in Cuba. This year they've got Wildcat about revolution in Nicaragua. I see Mayfest as a celebration of the life of Glasgow. Where is it?' Lean and all her associates are undoubtedly in sympathy with him. But how could Mayfest, or how should Mayfest — never intended to be a community festival — respond? In the housing schemes around Glasgow, the picture looks a bit different — more of that next week. □

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Weekend competition

No 2873 **Set by Tim Hopkins**

You've re-written well known light verses in sober and solemn form. Can we have the reverse: well known weighty and profound poems given the light-hearted treatment? Max. 12 lines by 29 May.

No 2870 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Advance publicity for a play, film, ballet or concert convincing you that on no account would you want to see the production.

Report **By Di Dact**

Your diligence, Garvey minor, is impressive: few of your classmates would have taken the trouble to compose not one, but two advance blurbs for a play called *I Knew Princess Michael's Father*. But this in no way mitigates your failure to acknowledge a debt to Mel Brooks's *The Producers* — and, no, it makes it no better that you've never heard of *The Producers*. As for the rest of you: well done. Those whose idea of a missable evening was something, anything, by Andrew Lloyd Webber, did tend to get carried away, but most of the others evinced a painful plausibility. Eleven pounds each to those printed.

The Dungeon, Deptford, is proud to present Max Kukenbrooks's thought-provoking drama **Mea Culpa**. The cast consists of Brian Blessed as The Man, Pat Phoenix ('Elsie Tanner' of *Coronation Street*) as The Woman and Norman Wisdom as The Fool. Sitting on three white chairs, the masked characters speak of guilt in 30-minute monologues. The Man witnessed the bombing of Hiroshima (or did he?), The Woman was either the torturer or the tortured (or both?) in a concentration camp and The Fool (in motley) represents the conscience of the world. In the last hour, they stand questioning their attitudes and those of the audience, whom they confront. Limited season. Book now.

RONALD BERGAN

No one who knows the films of Woody Allen will want to miss **Endless Circles**. His new movie is not just the work of a great philosopher-clown but a challenge to conventional assumptions.

The hero is a small, short-sighted, balding Jewish bellhop whose unprepossessing physique and gauche behaviour make his love for a blonde poetess seem a hopeless cause. But *Endless Circles* proves that wisdom and sensitivity are not the exclusive gift of the confident and that truth may belie appearances. For Allen, myopia equals utopia.

But though this is a serious film, it is never solemn. With its classic one-liners ('Life is like a doughnut — you have to eat it to get rid of the hole in the middle') and broad comic sequences — the joggers' riot in Central Park ranks with the best of Keaton or Chaplin — *Endless Circles* raises laughs as well as consciousness.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

A man. . .
A woman. . .
They had everything, and they threw it away. . .
JEREMY IRONS (as Adam)
ORNELLA MUTI (as Eve)
in
Temptation!
Screenplay by John Mortimer and Maeve Binchey (from an original idea by John Milton), with ALAN DELON as Satan, DUDLEY MOORE as Beelzebub, JOHN HURT as the Archangel Michael, JOHN GIELGUD as God, ALEC GUINNESS as the snake and
NASTASSIA KINSKI as the Heavenly Muse, Urania.
Shot in technicolor and surroundsound, entirely on location in Western Australia, and directed by RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH.

WILLIAM GREEN

Cinéastes everywhere are eagerly awaiting the release of Reisenschein's 1920 masterpiece **Kulaki** (Peasants), which was recently discovered in a Finnish icehouse.

All prints of the film were thought to have been destroyed in the Thirties when Stalin made known his disapproval of the title. Miraculously, Reisenschein seems to have preserved a copy in Siberia, where the permafrost saved the nitrate stock from deterioration.

A precursor of Flaherty, Reisenschein pioneered verité techniques with great discipline, adhering to the Aristotelian unity of time. Thus the kulaks' day is observed in 'real time' from dawn to dusk, the film lasting nearly ten hours. The memorably unflinching 37-minute pan of Lake Beloye while the kulaks doze at mid-day is a legend in cinema history.

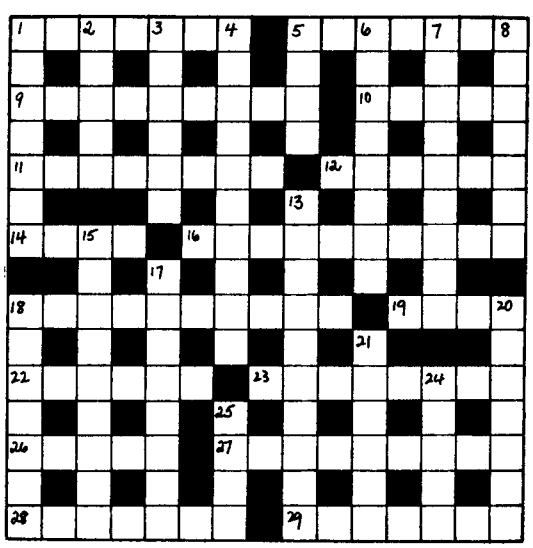
NOEL PETTY

ST ETHELFRITH'S JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
Annual open-air drama production
The complete unabridged
Mourning Becomes Electra
by Eugene O'Neill
Interval displays by the St Botolph's Weenies Club Drum Majorettes. Additional songs composed by Mrs Wendy Plackett and performed by members of the St Botolph's Elfland Choir. Some cover if wet.

C. FEVER

Weekend Crossword 1479

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1479, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 28 May.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

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ACROSS

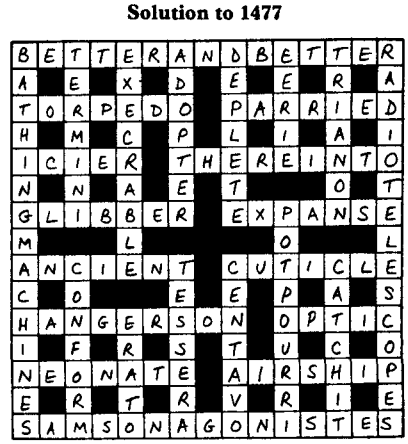
1. The common people go after an old-fashioned penny novelist (7)
5. Born caller and fetcher (7)
9. Coming from somewhere in France to show the clan is scattered (9)
10. In torment I describe watery movements (5)
11. Fine material to fade on a part of the body (8)
12. Dwellings with large lavatories unstarted (6)
14. Pain as a revolutionary symbol? (4)
16. Performers who plunder loot during battles (10)
18. Give party backing to transatlantic business in an architectural feature (10)
19. The third line of seats gives the bird (4)
22. Tell a story about a priest who has lost his piano (6)
23. Vehicle which gives a cart room to turn (8)
26. Fire and decapitate one (5)
27. Actors I keep in to do a critic's job (9)
28. Channels for those who remove the contents (7)
29. More than one hides the shy with a mask (7)

DOWN

1. Document which turns damp with oil (7)
2. In a mango swamp (5)
3. Fish born with man's name (6)
4. Desk which makes cries turn to anger (10)
5. Account for a tool (4)
6. In saying an animal has lost its tail, it is cut in (8)
7. Leave with foreign currency and different benefactress (9)
8. Exists between breaks and does not yield (7)
13. Deliberately promises to pay learner in place of learning (10)
15. A man running away does not show brightness (9)
17. Is nothing in that place but a contour? (8)
18. Shut out card for making animal noise (7)
20. An imposter makes a call to arms (7)
21. These are physical things but the smell fades (6)
24. Maintain I am in fish (5)
25. Holiday treats which are best if held by the National Trust (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1477



Prizewinners to 1477

Brenda Dammers (Bristol)
John F. Shields (Glasgow)
Lora Urti (London NW3)

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APPOINTMENTS

COULD YOU SUPPORT OUR SUPPORTERS?

War on Want is Britain's fastest growing third world development agency, fighting poverty in Asia, Africa and Latin America. We are appointing a **SUPPORTERS SERVICES OFFICER** to service our growing supporters/ donors network which has doubled in the past year.

Dealing with public enquiries, helping produce publicity and promotional materials, administering the membership lists, coordinating volunteers, the Supporters Services Officer will need to be competent, preferably suitably experienced, and above all *motivated* to support our supporters.

Salary £10,141 and excellent conditions

For job description and application form please write to **Personnel Office, War on Want, 1 London Bridge Street, London SE1 9SG**

Closing date for return of completed application forms: **14 June 1985**

WAR ON WANT IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

WAR ON WANT

Experienced Researcher
Arms Conversion in London

The Resource Unit has received a grant from the GLC to fund a post to research into employment in the arms industry in London and examine alternative socially useful forms of production. The person appointed will also act as Secretary to the Greater London Conversion Council.

Proven research and organisational skills, together with drive, initiative and imagination are the prime requirements.

Salary: £11,660 pa for a 35 hr. wk.

The GLTURU is an equal opportunities employer and would particularly welcome applications from London's ethnic minorities.

Further details and application forms from: GLTURU, Caxton House, 13-16 Borough Road, London SE1 0AL. Tel: 01-928 2002. Closing date for completed application forms is 31 May 1985.

Greater London Trade Union Resource Unit

society of civil & public servants

TRADE UNION RESEARCH OFFICER

The Society of Civil and Public Servants, which represents over 85,000 members in the Civil Service and other public bodies invites applications for a post of Research Officer.

The post will involve preparation of policy and advisory papers for senior officers and general support for national negotiations. The post holder will be expected to take primary responsibility for work on particular policy areas and contribute to the work of the Research Department in all areas as required.

Candidates should be capable of a high standard of drafting work, capable of preparing policy papers under pressure, ready to work as part of a team and adaptable enough to deal with a wide variety of work. Preference will be given to candidates who have experience of trade union research or negotiating work, relevant academic qualifications, or knowledge of industrial relations in the civil and public services.

The salary scale (subject to review wef **1 April 1985**) is **£10,196, 10,742, 11,079, 11,317, 11,554, 11,792** and **12,029** including Inner London Weighting. Annual leave is 30 days. Season ticket loan. Non contributory pension scheme. Retirement is compulsory at age 60.

Applications should be sent to the General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU enclosing full CV with details of education, employment history, trade union experience and other relevant information together with day time telephone number. Closing date for applications is 4 June 1985.

The Society is an equal opportunities employer.

ADMINISTRATION DEPARTMENT

Advice Arcade Manager

PO (38–41) £11,562–£12,645 p.a.

The Council is committed to the establishment of an all purpose City Centre Advice Arcade providing consumer advice, welfare rights guidance and housing advice to the citizens of Norwich and the surrounding area.

To help achieve this goal, an enthusiastic person is required to co-ordinate the establishment and development of the Arcade who will later take the day to day management responsibility for the project. The postholder will be responsible for ensuring the provision of an effective advisory service to the public by:-

- acting as the Centre's specialist on legal matters and, in consultation with the Administration Department, interpreting laws, regulations and practices relating to advisory matters;
- ensuring staff are aware of changes in legislation or any matters which may affect their role as Advisory Officers;
- discussing cases with Ward Councillors, the DHSS, Age Concern and other caring or statutory bodies;
- working closely with the Centre's staff on complex cases;
- visiting housebound clients;
- advising the Council's Committees and Working Parties, as required;
- assuming day to day management responsibility for financial and personnel matters.

This position is likely to appeal to someone with a commitment to the advisory services mentioned and with a capacity for hard work. The successful applicant must be able to communicate with, and retain the respect and trust of, people in all walks of life at all levels. Experience in one or more of the advisory services would be a distinct advantage and the ideal candidate would also have a legal background. However, quality of character, a sympathetic approach and management skills matter too.

Further details and an application form are available from Ken Codling, Personnel Department, City Hall, Norwich. Tel: (0603) 622233 Ext. 226. Completed applications should be returned by 10th June 1985.

Norwich is an equal opportunity Employer

CITY OF NORWICH

Disabled workers are good workers. Award Winner 1982

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THE LABOUR PARTY
has a short-term vacancy for a
RESEARCH OFFICER

Arising from the absence of a research officer on maternity leave, there will be a short-term vacancy for a researcher in the Research Department. The area of responsibility includes policy on equal rights (including women's rights, and minority groups); policing policy and crime; general human rights issues; and penal policy and law reform. **The post will last from 3 June until 13 December 1985.**

Duties will include the preparation of research and other papers; the provision of background and campaign information to all sections of the Party; and the servicing of the appropriate advisory committees and groups of the National Executive Committee.

Applicants must have a good understanding, experience and knowledge of the above issues; and have experience in preparing papers on campaigns, and briefing material, on the above and related areas of policy. An Honours Degree, though not essential, would be of considerable advantage.

Applicants must be members of the Labour Party. A background of activity in the Party, and in the wider Labour movement, would also be of considerable advantage.

Salary range £10,440 to £12,110 p.a., depending on appropriate experience in a similar capacity. (Pay rise due).

Application forms are available from the **Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT. Telephone 01-703 1064. The closing date for applications is 3 June, 1985.**

This is a re-advertisement of the post and previous applicants need not apply.

The Labour Party is an equal opportunities employer.

Clerk of the County Council/Members' Secretariat
Majority (Labour) Group

Research Assistant

£8,532-£10,107 p.a.

The successfull applicant will assist the present Research Officer in preparing briefs and policy statements and conducting research studies for Members of the Majority (Labour) Group. He/she will be on the staff of the Clerk of the County Council but responsible, through the Research Officer, to the Leader of the County Council. Candidates should be of graduate or equivalent status. Experience of academic or other research work would be useful. Local Government experience including inter-departmental liaison on policy matters would be desirable. The ability to relate to people at all levels is essential, as is the ability to gather, assess and present information lucidly and concisely.
Relocation expenses where appropriate.
Further details are available from Michael Suter,
Deputy Chief Executive at County Hall.
Tel: Nottingham (0602) 823823 Ext. 3202.
Applications should be made in writing (no forms provided), including age, qualifications, experience and career details, together with the names and addresses of two referees to the Clerk of the County Council at County Hall.
Closing date 31 May. Please quote ref. MS/CPR/252.

An Equal Opportunity Employer.

Nottinghamshire County Council
County Hall · West Bridgford
Nottingham NG2 7QP

TRADE UNION RESEARCH ASSISTANT

The Union of Construction, Allied Trades and Technicians invites applications for a temporary appointment as **Research Assistant,** to cover maternity leave for a **six month period** from **August 1985.** The postholder will be expected to contribute to the work of the Research and Organisation department as required.

The salary will be paid on an annual rate of **£9,001.76** plus allowances.

Applications addressed to: **The General Secretary, UCATT, UCATT House, 177 Abbeville Road, London SW4 9RL** should contain full details of education, work and trade union experience together with the names of two referees.

Applications should be received by **Friday 14 June.**

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
seeks
REGULAR VOLUNTEERS
(2 days per week minimum)
for busy Press and Campaigns departments
Newspaper monitoring/answering enquiries/audio visual/research/mucking in.
Typing an asset. Expenses paid, + 80p LVs per day. Clerkenwell office.
Ring Sue Adams or Jenny Stephenson on 01-251 8371.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK
Centre for Research in Ethnic Relations

Applications are invited for two appointments as **Research Fellow** in the Centre for Research in Ethnic Relations, tenable from **1 October 1985,** in the teams on Ethnicity and Organisation (Professor J. Rex) and Migration and Comparative Issues (Professor R. Cohen). Applicants should have a research degree and substantial research experience, and will be expected to show a strong commitment to team research and the goals of the programme.

Salary in the range **£7,520-£8,920** (under review), with the possibility of a higher salary on one of the appointments.

Further particulars from **The Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry, CV4 7AL** quoting Ref. No. 40/B/5/85/G. Closing date for applications **7 June 1985.**

---

asms

National Officer (Finance)

London — c £20,000 plus car

The Association of Supervisory, Technical and Managerial Staffs with 800 branches in the UK, Republic of Ireland and overseas has an annual income of over £9 million and now wish to appoint a National Officer (Finance).

The successful applicant will be responsible to the General Secretary, Clive Jenkins, for the financial and membership administration of the Union and for a substantial direct staff. An ICL ME 29 computer is in use and the system is poised for further development. Ideal candidates, male or female, must be qualified accountants with demonstrable experience of the management of a substantial financial function and the development of computer systems.

The remuneration package includes a salary of circa £20,000 plus use of car and contributory index-linked pension scheme.

Please write with full career details to A.J. Edmondson, quoting reference 4094.

INBUCON MANAGEMENT CONSULTANTS LIMITED
Executive Search and Selection
Knightsbridge House, 197 Knightsbridge London SW7 1RN

INBUCON

CAMPAIGN AGAINST ARMS TRADE
requires a second
CAMPAIGN WORKER

to work with the present coordinator in two person office. Knowledge of the arms trade and peace issues is essential. The job requires campaigning initiative and the ability to deal with routine office work, often under pressure.

The salary is **£6,300 p.a.** (under review).

The person appointed needs to start work no later than **12 August.**

For a job description and further details send 24p s.a.e to: **N/CAAT, 5 Caledonian Road, London N1 9DX.**

Closing date: **7 June.**

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CAMPAIGNING/ADMINISTRATION. The Peace Pledge Union is looking for a Full-Time Worker to develop networks for the promotion of its campaigning and educational activities, to arrange conferences and share in administrative work. Experience in above and commitment to pacifism essential, ability to type and willingness to travel important. Salary £6,000. Job description and application form from PPU, 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1 (01-387 5501) SAE please.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

LOCAL RADIO WORKSHOP seeks

CO-ORDINATOR

with experience of writing and campaigning, for monthly publication on broadcasting policies and coverage of trade unions.

For job description 'phone **01-402 7651**

Closing date: **27 May.**

GLC funded post.

LRW is an equal opportunities employer

APPOINTMENT WANTED

AMERICAN WOMAN, 35, single, seeks employment in UK. Excellent typist, word processor, knowledge of Apple IIe computer. Please write Box (20)0825.

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WARM, CARING, sympathetic, male counsellor. Tel. 01-341 4278.

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BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. Cottage overlooking mouth of River Otter and sea (2 mins). Sleeps 4. Gas, TV etc. From £80 p.w. 01-435 0171.

CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

CUBA SPECIAL. Two weeks holiday including six day tour plus seven days hotel beach resort. Departing 26 May. £595 per person. Must book now. Ashley Holidays, 131a Bawtry Rd, Wickersley, Rotherham. 0709 543626.

DARTMOUTH COTTAGE. 100 yards water front. Mod. cons. Sleeps 4. From £90 p.w. Tel. 01-348 0260.

EXMOUTH near sea. B. & b. & e.m. Comfortable, unpretentious, small Georgian house £60 p.w. Tel. 0395 272 074.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

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SPAIN: CONVERTED Olive Mill, self-contained apartment; beautiful, unspoilt setting, 12 miles from coast. Write: Rutherford, Canillas de Albaida, (Malaga), Spain.

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PEKING — 2-21 Nov. (7 days) £780
by plane via MOSCOW (3 days)
return by trans-Siberian Railway
NORWAY **Cities and Fjords** £160
25 May-2 June
BERLIN 25 May-2 June £150
MOSCOW £190
(full board, free entry to Kremlin, all Museums & Art Galleries)
20/30 Aug., 27 Aug./6 Sept., 10/20 Sept.
YUGOSLAV RIVIERA £145
30 Sept/12 Oct.

Please inform us which country you wish to visit.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Tel: 0484 24269

INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY SCHOOLS
(Sun, Sea and Socialism)

YUGOSLAVIA *19 August—2 September* £210

An International Holiday School to be held at an International Youth Centre in Dubrovnik, a beautiful Renaissance town on the Adriatic Coast. The school will have sessions to be jointly tutored by the Yugoslav Communist Party and the British Communist Party. The programme will provide opportunity for holiday pursuits, visiting the mountain towns and islands off the mainland. All this at the very reasonable cost of £210, including flight and full board.

Write for details soon as only a limited number of places are available.

ITALY *17 July—30 July* £315

A holiday school jointly organised by the PCI and the British Communist Party at Caschina, a small town on the outskirts of Pisa, at the seaview end of Italy's red belt in Tuscany.

Other attractions in addition to the discussions to be jointly organised by the PCI and British CP are excursions to Pisa & Florence, bar, snooker room, swimming, films, leisure activities.

16 St John Street, London EC1M 4AL

LISTINGS

SAT 18 MAY

LONDON WIDD/Bread not Bombs — 2nd Sylvia Pankhurst Memorial Walk from her monument in Woodford Wells to Peace Picnic in Wanstead Park. **Org. Working Women for Peace & WW CND. Details: Sylvia 01-504 1630.**

MON 20 MAY

MAIDENHEAD 'The Teachers Dispute' — chance for parents & others to question reps of NAHT, NUT, AMMA, NAS/UWT on teachers' case and action. 7.30pm Nicholson Rm, Maidenhead Library. **Org. Maidenhead Campaign for Advancement of State Education (CASE) M'head 32295/29523.**

LONDON 'Dread of the Spread' David Lowry on Britain's proliferating nuclear weapons. 7.30pm Torriano Meeting Hs., 99 Toriano Ave, NW5. **Org. Camden CND.**

BREAD NOT BOMBS week of action. **Details: Campaign against Arms Trade, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1. 01-278 1976.**

TUES 21 MAY

BRISTOL 'Smash the Prevention of Terrorism Act' Public Meeting 7.30pm St. Barnabas Old School, Ashley Rd, St. Pauls, Spkrs. incl. Dr. Maire O'Shea, IBRG, Paddy Hillyard, NCCL. **Org. Bristol ToM, Box 3, 110 Cheltenham Rd, Bristol 6.**

BIRMINGHAM 'Fight on with the Miners' Public Meeting 7.30pm Dr. Johnson House, Bull St. Spkrs. incl. Emlyn Williams, Pres. S. Wales NUM, Midlands NUM, Kent, NUM, Keresley NUM, Shirebrook NUM, Women against Pit Closures. **Org. Birmingham TC Miners' Support Grp, 7 Frederick St, B1 3HE.**

LONDON 'What is Britain going to say at end of Decade for Women conf. in Nairobi'. Spkrs. Jo Richardson MP, Georgina Ashworth of CHANGE. 6pm Cttee. rm. 10, House of Commons, SW1. **Details: CHANGE, 29 Gt. James St, WC1. 01-405 3601.**

LONDON Campaign Against Racist Laws Lobby of Parliament. **Details: Dave Cook, 56 Edithna St, SW9 01-733 8508.**

WED 22 MAY

ISLINGTON 'Our Welfare Benefits & the Future' by Ruth Lister, Director, CPAG. 8pm Rm. 4 Town Hall, Upper St, N1. **Org. Islington Fabian Society, 28b Mildmay Rd, N1. 01-249 3679.**

LONDON Islington drugs crisis meeting org. by IS&F Labour Party Womens Section/City Roads Project. 8pm The Florence, Florence St, N1. All women welcome.

THUR 23 MAY

LONDON Roy Hatterley MP on 'Jobs & Industry' 8pm Servite School, 252 Fulham Rd, SW10. **Org. Chelsea CLP.**

LONDON Great Peace Journey from Sweden Service of Celebration 5.30pm St James's Church, 197 Piccadilly W1.

LONDON Wandsworth Assoc. for Mental Health meeting to set up 'drop in centre' for ex-mental hospital patients. 7.30pm Minstead Hall, Danebury Ave, SW17. **Details: WAMH, 3 Broderick Rd, SW17. 01-672 5108.**

FRI 24 MAY

GREENHAM Women's International day of Disarmament — stress on nuclear free Pacific. Contact Zohl or Bridget, Green Gate.

LAMBETH Benefit for Nicaragua 9am-12pm Lambeth Town Hall, SW2. Nicaraguan Campesino Band, Barricada & Disco. Tickets: £2.50/£1.50 UB40 in advance 01-673 7901 or at door. **Org. Lambeth-Bluefields Twinning & S. London Central American Grp. 01-636 1263 (day) 01-673 7901 (eves).**

International Women's Day for Disarmament. **Details: END Fiona Weir 01-587 1563.**

SAT 25 MAY

CAMDEN 'Homes for All Now!' — gathering for all fighting our appalling housing situation. 2pm 4 Carol St, NW1. **Orgs. Islington Housing Action Grp., 287 Upper St, N1, Haringay Homes for All, 32 Alexandra Rd, N8, Camden Squatters Assoc, 4 Carol St, NW1.**

FORTHCOMING

27 MAY TRAFALGAR SQ. Peace Pentecost — Christian CND national event. Act of worship then encirclement of MoD with huge peace ribbon. **Details: Barbara Eggleston 01-263 0977.**

29 MAY ALCONBURY to MOLESWORTH E. & S. Midlands regional day of action to defend Molesworth. March from Alconbury to 'gate party' at main contractors' gate. **Details: Nottingham Defend Molesworth Grp, CND, Unit B, 14-18 St. Mary's Gate, Lace Market, Nottingham. 0602 581948.**

29 MAY BRISTOL 'Deterring the Drinking Driver' Policy Forum Hawthorns Hotel. Spkrs. incl. Prof. Laurence Ross, Uni. of New Mexico, Chief Constable Roger Birch, Sussex Police. **Details: Action on Alcohol Abuse, 26 Craven St, London, WC2. 01-839 7344/5.**

1 JUNE GLASGOW 'Youth vs Trident' Demo. Assemble 12 noon George Sq. March off 12.30pm to encircle MoD building. Rally/Exhibition Kelvin Hall. **Details: Scottish Youth CND, 420 Sauchiehall St, Glasgow. 041-331 2878.**

1 JUNE BIRMINGHAM 'Fight on with the Miners' March & Rally 11am Lancaster Circus. 12.pm Chamberlain Sq, Spkrs. incl. Peter Heathfield, Gen. Sec. NUM, Jack Collins, Kent NUM, W. Midlands TUC, Women against Pit Closures.

1 JUNE LONDON 'Tackling Poverty at the Roots' CPAG Conf. 10am-1pm Holborn Library, WC1. Spkrs. incl. Dr. Joan Higgins, Keva Coombes, Merseyside County Council, Ronald Young, Strathclyde Regional Council. Adm. £2.50. **Org. CPAG, 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

6-14 JUNE LONDON Feminist Book Fortnight org. by Women's Press at Silver Moon, 68 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. **Details: 01-836 7906.**

8-9 JUNE LONDON END Supporter's Conference. **Details: END, Southbank House, Black Prine Rd, SE1. 01-587 1563.**

8 JUNE SHEFFIELD 'Attack Poverty not the Poor' Conf. called by National Campaign against Social Security Cuts. 10am-4.30pm St. Mary's Community Centre, Bramall Lane. **Registration: NCASSC, PO Box 22, Heaton, Newcastle upon Tyne NE6 1LX.**

16 JUNE LONDON National Demo. against Apartheid. Assemble 12-1pm County Hall, York Rd. Rally 3pm Trafalgar Sq. **Org. Anti-Apartheid Movement, 13 Mandela St, NW1. 01-387 7966.**

19-21 JUNE NOTTINGHAM Shelter Annual Housing Conf. Uni. of Nottingham. Cost: £46 Shelter Membs., £63.25 affiliates, £92 non. membs. Limited number of subsidised places at £17.25 and travel bursaries. **Details: Tim Mars, SHELTER, 157 Waterloo Rd, SE1. 8XF 01-633 9377.**

29 JUNE OXFORD Festival for Peace. Tickets £4 in advance (£5.50/£3 UB40 on day). Children free. **Details: Steve Loach Oxford Peace Festival 1985, 12 Southfield Rd. 0865 244961.**

29 JUNE-6 JULY LONDON 'Time on the Thames' non-residential summer sch. org. by WEA/London Univ. Extra Mural Dept./London History Workshop. Choice of 4 topics: Sexual Politics, Hopes & Fears, Popular Culture, London's Suburbia. **Details: Frank Carr, WEA, 32 Tavistock Sq., WC1. 01-387 8966.**

30 JUNE NOTTINGHAM 'Welfare not Warfare' Picnic at RAF Newton — 500-bed contingency hospital for USAF. **Details: Peace Action Network, CND, Unit B, 14-18 St. Mary's Gate, Lace Market, Nottingham 0602 581948.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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Theatre

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HENRY V, HAMLET — tickets available in June
THE PIT
THE PARTY — final perfs 17, 18, 24, 25 May
TODAY by Robert Holman — tkts avail 23 May 2.00pm
THE WAR PLAYS by Edward Bond — from 29 May
RSC also at **The Mermaid** — BREAKING THE SILENCE by Stephen Poliakoff

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252.
Olivier (open stage) 'The Government Inspector'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Wild Honey', 'She Stoops to Conquer'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629.
American Festival Events. Until 1 June Mon-Sat 8pm (Sat mats. 11am & 2pm; Sun mats 2pm) **A BITE OF THE BIG APPLE** — dance, music, video. 23 & 24 May 8pm **HAL HOLBROOK** in **'MARK TWAIN TONIGHT'.**

HALF MOON 213 Mile End Rd., 01-790 4000. Mons-Sats 8 p.m.
SWEENY TODD
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Poetry

POETRY AND COMMITMENT. Frederick Grubb discusses the poems of the poet and rebel Martin Bell (1918-1978). Sunday 19 May at 7pm. Torriano Meeting House, 99 Torriano Avenue, NW5. 01-267 2751. Admission Free.

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10-24 AUGUST
Director: Dr Declan Kiberd

Lectures and Seminars daily on aspects of Yeats Scholarship, Anglo-Irish History and Anglo-Irish Literature conducted by distinguished International Scholars. Plays, Recitals, Poetry Readings and excursions.

For information and brochures apply to: Mrs Kathleen Moran, Secretary, Yeats Memorial Building, Douglas Hyde Bridge, Sligo, Ireland.

MEETINGS

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY'S Conway Memorial Lecture. Harold J. Blackham 'The Way I Think'. 7 p.m. Thursday 23 May. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sunday 19 May 8 p.m. 'The Vision of the Buddha'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

SEMINAR

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday 21 May 5 p.m.
Prof. Dr Herbert Steiner (Vienna)
Austrian Immigrants in Great Britain, 1934-1945
17 Bloomsbury Square London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

COURSES

ART THERAPY COURSE September '85. 3 terms, Mondays 4-6, or 7-9. Information: Liesl Silverstone, 17 Cranbourne Gardens, London NW11. Tel. 01-455 8570.

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POETRY SPECIAL

will be published in New Statesman Fri. 31 May.

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FLAT EXCHANGE: Vienna-London. Young lawyer, single, will exchange flat (sleeps 1-3, all amenities), Vienna, for similar accommodation in London, approx. 1 month from 8 July. Ring or write Mr Simon, Hartaeckerstr. 44, A-1190, Vienna, Austria; Tel. Vienna 36-77-25.

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LONDON SW2. Two rooms available (one small, one large) in friendly, spacious, communal house. £140/£110 p.c.m. inclusive. 01-674 5834.

SINGLE ROOM in shared flat with female teacher, on Mile End Road. £30 p.w. inc. Whitechapel/Stepney Green tubes. Phone being installed. Box (20)0865.

WANTED

END LOANS to Southern Africa (ELTSA) urgently needs small office space in, or reasonably close to, Central London, with access to office facilities. Contribution to costs possible. Contact: Martin Rosenbaum/Stuart Bell on 01-403 2266.

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BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

CONCERNED ABOUT investments in arms, South Africa, tobacco etc? Send £2 for four issues of ethical investment newsletter. EIRIS, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG.

DR DZIKOWSKI. 'How to look after your Heart' £5.95. Probably the best ever of this kind. Free leaflets — 92 Harley Street, London W1.

GUILDHALL BOOKSHOP, York St, Twickenham. SW London's largest secondhand bookshop. Politics, sociology, psychology, theology, history, art, travel, literature, fiction, natural history. . . Personal callers only, Mon.-Sat. 10.00-5.30.

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